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Smithsonian features

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DESTINATION AMERICA 2007

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A year after founding America's first settlement 400 years ago this month, Capt. John Smith once again set sail, to explore the Chesapeake Bay. The author retraces that seminal voyage

BY TERENCE SMITH / PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD OLSENIUS

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Despite a plenitude of changes in southwestern Louisiana, residents' piquant love of music, food and fellowship endures

BY WAYNE CURTIS / PHOTOGRAPHS BY TYRONE TURNER

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BY JONATHAN KANDELL / PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHAEL CHRISTOPHER BROWN

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The "outdoor museum of the Victorian Midwest" abounds in historic structures, including Ulysses S. Grant's post-Civil War mansion

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Photographer Robert Creamer captures the beauty in decaying seedpods, emu eggs, even browning flowers, with a flatbed scanner

BY MARIAN SMITH HOLMES

84 Greg Carr's Big Gamble

In a watershed experiment, the Boston entrepreneur is putting $40 million of his own money into a splendid but ravaged park in Mozambique

BY STEPHANIE HANES / PHOTOGRAPHS BY JEFFREY BARBEE

94 Epic Hero

How an impoverished, poorly educated British engraver rescued the Mesopotamian saga of *Gilgamesh* from more than 2,500 years of oblivion

BY DAVID DAMROSCH

THIS PAGE: Hubert Maitre & Cajun Friends pull out all the stops on the popular Saturday-night variety show *Rendez-vous des Cajuns*. Photograph by Tyrone Turner. **COVER:** The annual Great Schooner Race in the Chesapeake promotes the area's maritime heritage. Photograph by Richard Olsenius.

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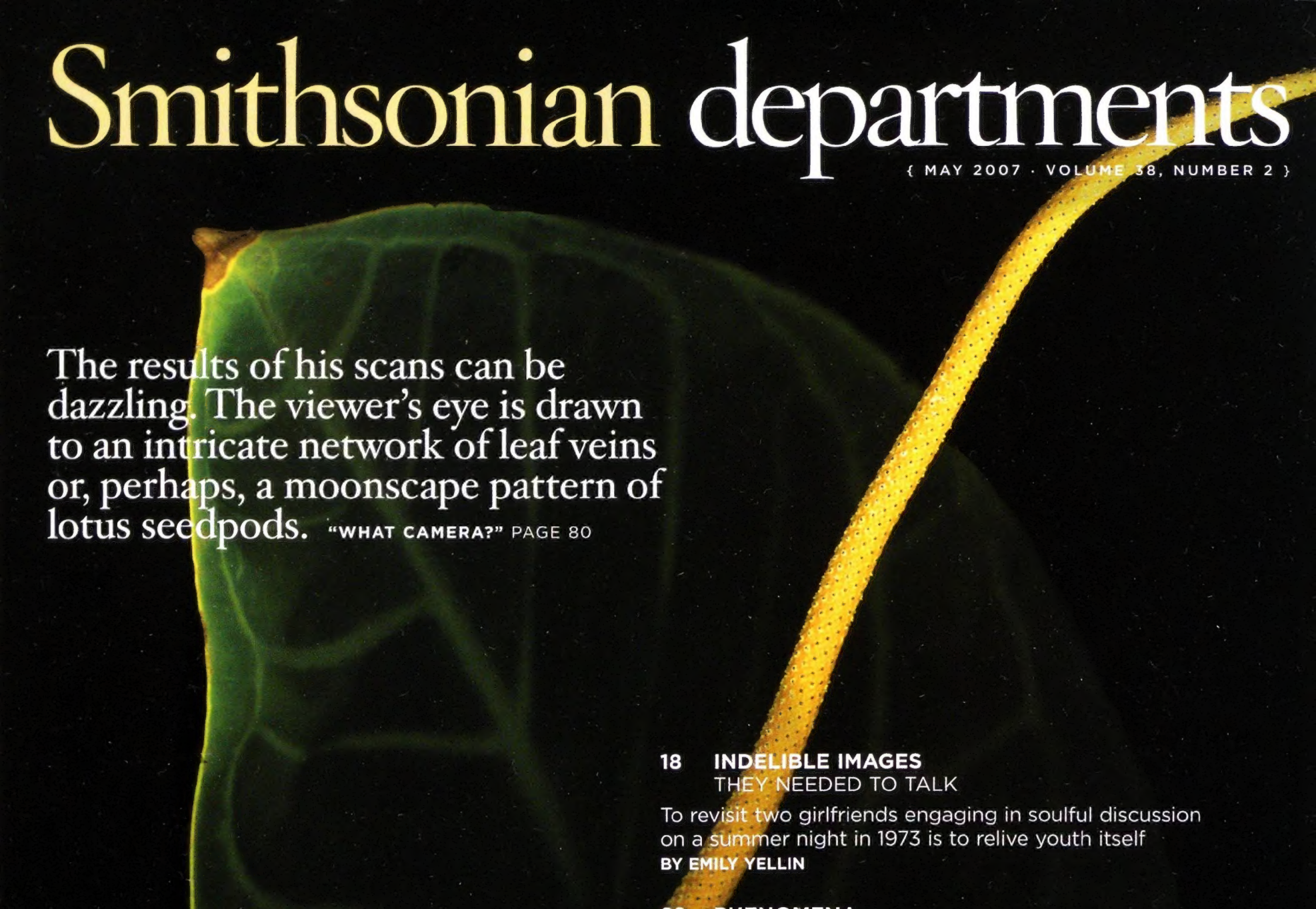

The results of his scans can be dazzling. The viewer's eye is drawn to an intricate network of leaf veins or, perhaps, a moonscape pattern of lotus seedpods. **"WHAT CAMERA?"** PAGE 80

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THEY NEEDED TO TALK
To revisit two girlfriends engaging in soulful discussion on a summer night in 1973 is to relive youth itself
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THIS PAGE: *Elegant Scepter, 2005*, from the exhibition "Transitions," is on view at the National Museum of Natural History through June 24. Photograph by Robert Creamer.

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There are 193 countries in the world. None of them are energy independent.

So who's holding whom over a barrel?

The fact is, the vast majority of countries rely on the few energy-producing nations that won the geological lottery, blessing them with abundant hydrocarbons. And yet, even regions with plenty of raw resources import some form of energy. Saudi Arabia, for example, the world's largest oil exporter, imports refined petroleum products like gasoline.

So if energy independence is an unrealistic goal, how does everyone get the fuel they need, especially in a world of rising demand, supply disruptions, natural disasters, and unstable regimes?

True global energy security will be a result of cooperation and engagement, not isolationism. When investment and expertise are allowed to flow freely across borders, the engine of innovation is ignited, prosperity is fueled and the energy available to everyone increases. At the same time, balancing the needs of producers and consumers is as crucial as increasing supply and curbing demand. Only then will the world enjoy energy peace-of-mind.

Succeeding in securing energy for everyone doesn't have to come at the expense of anyone. Once we all start to think differently about energy, then we can truly make this promise a reality.

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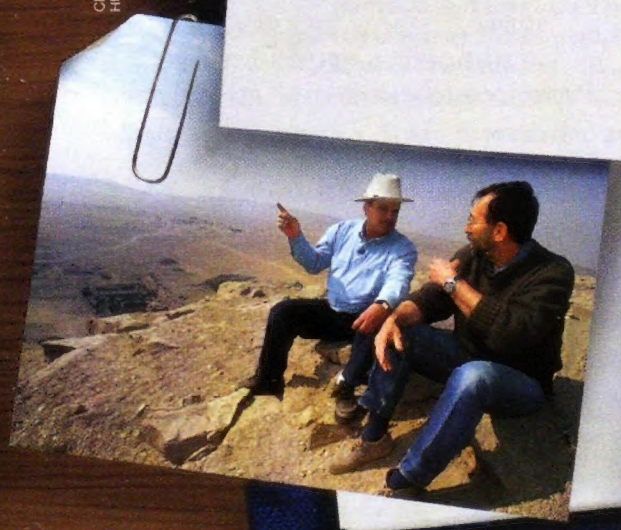

Projected Global Oil Demand

2004 DEMAND
82 mbpd*

2030 DEMAND
115 mbpd

Source: International Energy Agency
*million barrels per day

ENERGY IMPORTS BY OIL EXPORTING COUNTRIES

	GASOLINE	ELECTRICITY	NATURAL GAS	COAL
Saudi Arabia				
Russia				
Norway				
UAE				
Nigeria				

Source: Energy Information Administration

WHAT NEEDS TO BE DONE

- DIVERSIFY ENERGY SUPPLIES
  - FIND MORE TRADITIONAL FUELS
  - DEVELOP ALTERNATIVES AND RENEWABLES
- FOSTER OPEN MARKETS & TRANSPARENCY
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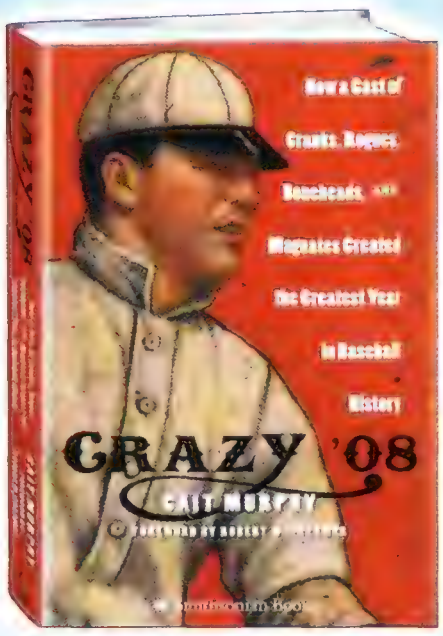

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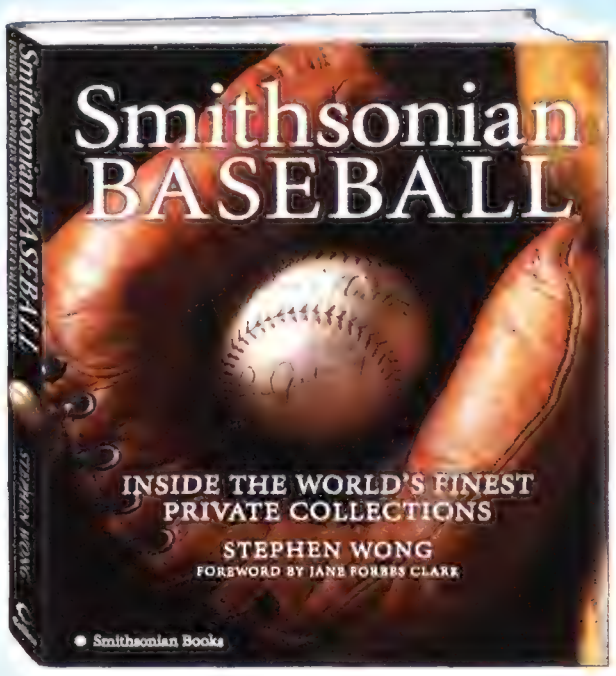

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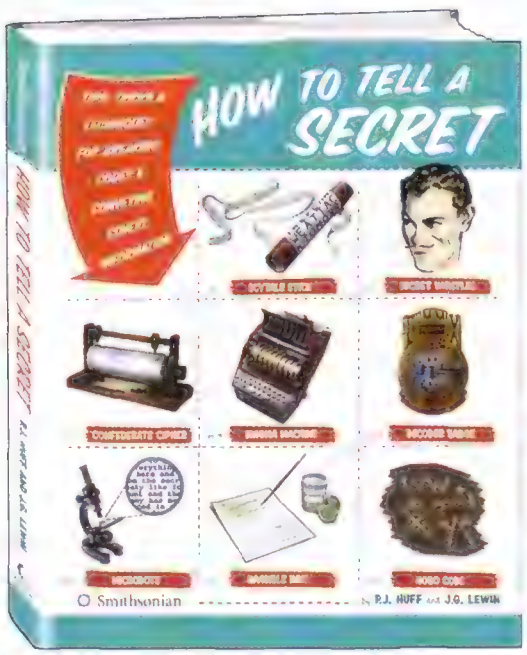

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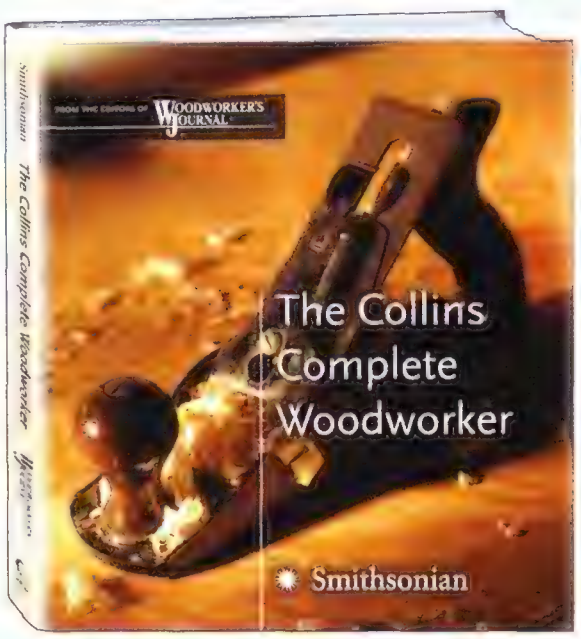

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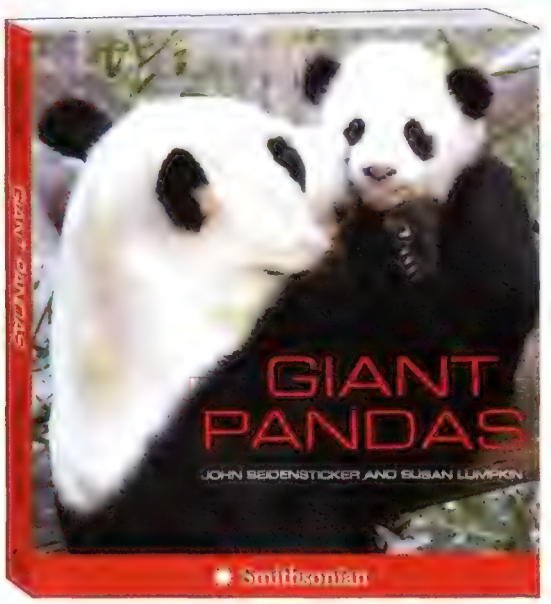

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LETTERS READERS RESPOND TO THE **MARCH** ISSUE

"Catching Up with 'Old Slow Trot'" vindicates Gen. George H. Thomas, one of the most underrated commanders of the Civil War. It's a shame he has been relegated to the dustbin of history because of back-stabbing comments by Grant and Sherman. Yes, he was cautious and meticulous, but he refused to squander the lives of his soldiers, and won crucial battles.

RICHARD HANNIGAN, VISALIA, CALIFORNIA

RECALLING "OLD SLOW TROT"

EVEN IN FORT THOMAS, the city that bears General Thomas' name, little is known or taught about the man. A mural in the post office is about the extent of a tribute to the war hero. Furgurson's well-written article sheds a new perspective on Thomas—his perseverance, determination and caring.

DAN SCHLARMAN
FORT THOMAS, KENTUCKY

ALTHOUGH GENERAL THOMAS may not have received all the credit due him for his Civil War service, readers should be assured that he has not been forgotten, nor has his resting place at Oakwood Cemetery in Troy, New York, been neglected. The Sons of Union Veterans is committed to keeping alive the memories of the men who wore the blue as well as tending to their graves and monuments. The Rock of Chickamauga is one of ours, and we will continue to look after him.

ELI BRADISH
COBLESKILL, NEW YORK

SLUMMING IT

WHILE JOHN LANCASTER does a good job of presenting both sides of the debate over "reality" tours in the slums of Mumbai ("Next Stop, Squalor"), I see little moral justification for this practice. I cannot believe that the possible benefits gained from putting the poor and their hardships on display outweigh the consequences of turning human beings into a spectacle. When Lancaster says that the tours seemed aimed at fostering understanding, not pity, I find myself wondering how in the

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world anyone could come to understand even a fraction of life in the slums after a few hours on an arranged tour. The best possible outcome is raising awareness among affluent individuals who might otherwise never think about the poor. For myself, I question the motives of those conducting the tours and making a show of very real human suffering.

JUSTIN VAN KLEECK
TROY, VIRGINIA

OVER THE LAST four decades I have visited 50 slums on five continents and have not had a single negative experience. I have taken my non-Indian friends to run-down neighborhoods of Mumbai, Kolkata, Varanasi, Bangalore and Delhi. My experience is that after the initial shock, one begins to see that the streets are brimming with activity and to sense the energy with which people go about their daily business. At no point have I or my guests felt any danger. I can only hope that the guides who take the curious on such tours are adequately informed. The way I see it, poverty tourism can make us aware of the problems of other human beings.

MAHENDRA JAIN
NEWARK, DELAWARE

LAYERS OF HISTORY

PALIMPSESTING may have been a way to recycle parchments for other writing ("Reading Between the Lines"), but fortunately it was also a great method of preserving some important work.

PAUL DALE ROBERTS
ELK GROVE, CALIFORNIA

TAKE MY KIDS. PLEASE

TV PERSONALITY Ruth Lyons hosted a midday show in Cincinnati back in the 1950s and '60s, and occasionally had Phyllis Diller ("The Object at Hand" in "Around the Mall") as a guest. On one visit Diller came in, sat down, and said, "Ruth, you always ask about my kids so I'm going to tell you. They're for sale, and the ones that aren't working are marked down."

TONI KELLERS
PERKASIE, PENNSYLVANIA

CORRECTIONS:

The photograph that is the subject of "Operatic Entrance" (pages 16 and 17) was taken in 1957. The year was inadvertently removed from the text.

Because of a typographical error, "Catching Up with 'Old Slow Trot'" misstated the year in which the U.S. Colored Troops began to bolster Union forces. The correct date is 1863.

In "On the Trail of Caravaggio," the photograph on page 83 of the Piazza del Popolo in Rome is mislabeled. It does not show the Santa Maria del Popolo church, but the twin churches of Santa Maria in Montesanto, left, and Santa Maria dei Miracoli, right. Also, the painting *The Beheading of St. John the Baptist*, on page 89, was reversed. We regret the errors.

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FROM THE EDITOR

Fragile Beauties

From the Chesapeake to Mozambique

BY CAREY WINFREY

THE FIRST THING TERRY SMITH DID after the *New York Times* transferred him from New York City to Washington, D.C., 30 years ago, was buy a boat and sail it on the Chesapeake Bay. So began a love affair with the nation's largest estuary that continues undiminished to this day. Smith, who left the *Times* in 1985 and recently completed seven years as media correspondent and senior producer on "The NewsHour with Jim Lehrer," decided that the lead-up to the 400th anniversary of the settlement of Jamestown, this month, would be a good time to re-create Capt. John Smith's 1,700-mile exploration of the bay. Terry's report, "Beyond Jamestown" (p. 48), documents too many boats, people and houses, and too much pollution. "But it's still a very beautiful place," he says. "And maybe that's its problem—it's so good-looking that it masks all that's wrong with it."

Smith, T. read everything he could find about Smith, J. (no relation). "He was strong and commanding and the kind of guy you would like to have heading your voyage of exploration," says Terry. "But I doubt he was very easy to get along with; he was forever arguing with his fellow colonists. Still, his men were very loyal to him."

Smith on the Chesapeake: "It's so good-looking that it masks all that's wrong with it."

WHAT DREW STEPHANIE HANES TO MOZAMBIQUE? "A 16-year civil war had ended in 1992, but the country was still very much dealing with the aftermath. I thought this could be an interesting case study—When war wrecks an environment, how long does it take to recover? Can it recover? And what about the people who live there?" Then she found out that an entrepreneur from Boston, Greg Carr, was trying to revive Gorongosa—the vast, breathtakingly beautiful park that had been a battleground in the war. Her report, "Greg Carr's Big Gamble," begins on page 84.

WE'RE DELIGHTED THAT Paul Theroux's charmingly crusty essay, "Living with Geese" (December 2006), is a finalist for a National Magazine Award, our industry's highest honor. Four other SMITHSONIAN stories have been selected for the annual volume *The Best American Science and Nature Writing, 2007*. They are: "The Flu Hunter" (January 2006) by Michael Rosenwald, "For the Love of Lemurs" (April 2006) by Richard Conniff, "Dinosaur Shocker" (May 2006) by Helen Fields and "Neanderthal Man" (October 2006), Steve Olson's profile of paleogeneticist Svante Paabo. Congratulations to all.

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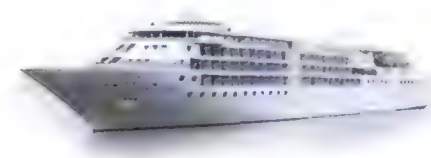

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SILVERSEA

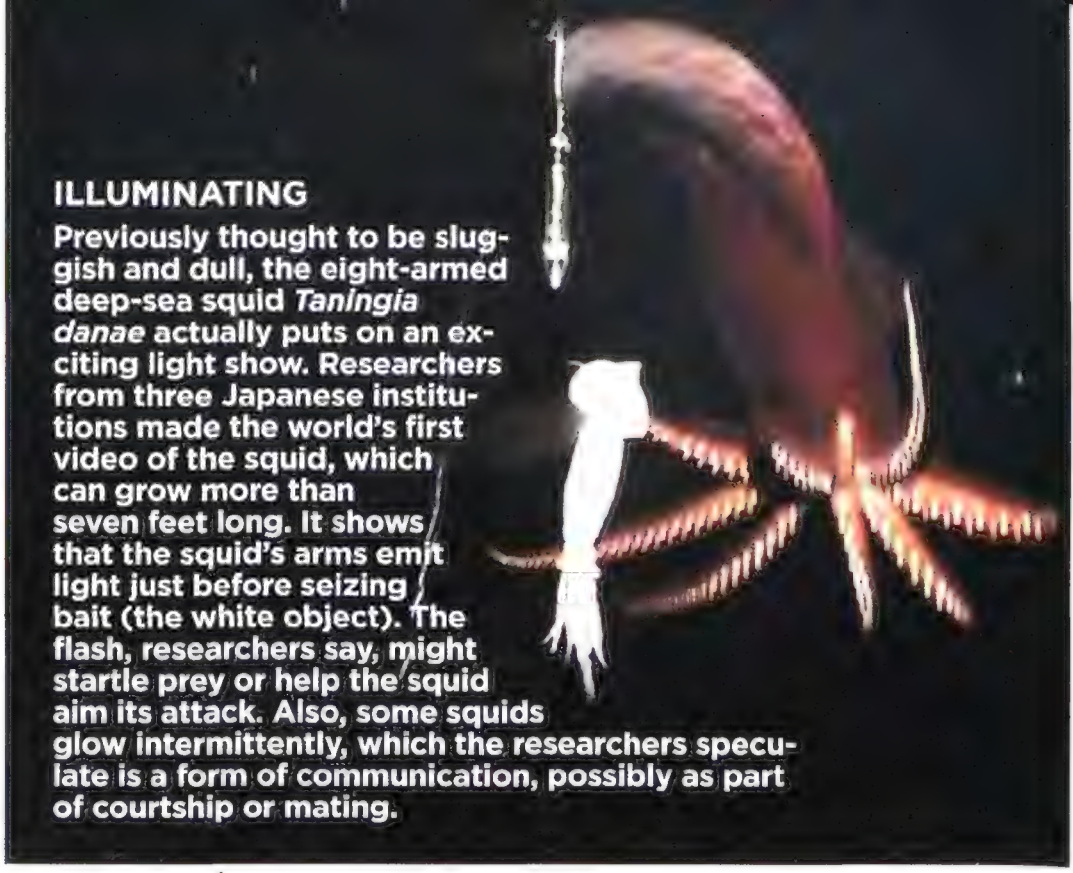
WILD THINGS

LIFE AS WE KNOW IT

CHOOSING SIDES

Certain Southeast Asian snakes are endowed with more teeth on the right side of the jaw than on the left. To what advantage? A new study from Kyoto University in Japan shows that the tooth arrangement helps

the snakes grapple with their favored prey, snails. Most snail shells grow in a clockwise direction, so their openings are wider on the right side when tipped over by a snake. An attacker with extra teeth on the right side can both hold the shell firmly and extract the meaty snail efficiently. But even such a cunning adaptation can be thwarted. When faced with the rare snail whose shell formation is counterclockwise, many snakes failed to feed or dropped their prey.

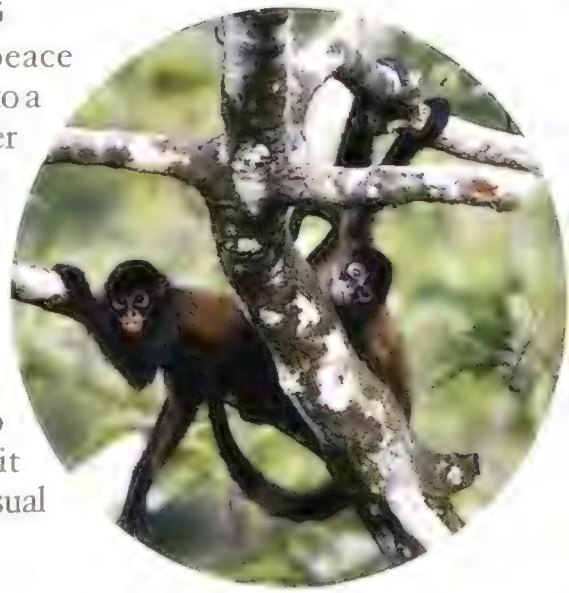


ILLUMINATING

Previously thought to be sluggish and dull, the eight-armed deep-sea squid *Taningia danae* actually puts on an exciting light show. Researchers from three Japanese institutions made the world's first video of the squid, which can grow more than seven feet long. It shows that the squid's arms emit light just before seizing bait (the white object). The flash, researchers say, might startle prey or help the squid aim its attack. Also, some squids glow intermittently, which the researchers speculate is a form of communication, possibly as part of courtship or mating.

MUTUAL ASSURED HUGGING

Displays of affection keep the peace among spider monkeys, according to a yearlong study in the Yucatán. Spider monkeys spend most of their time sorted into small groups of about 2 to 20 members. When two different cliques come together, members of both groups often chase and fight each other. But clashes are less likely to occur if one or two rival monkeys embrace. We call it cute; the researchers call it an unusual example of conflict management.



VERY EARLY CHILDHOOD

An ancient dental record is adding new depth to early *Homo sapiens*' evolutionary history. Researchers from the Max Planck Institute and elsewhere used an X-ray technique to analyze the fossilized jaw, found in Morocco, of a 7-year-old human who lived 160,000 years ago. The pattern of lines etched into the enamel at growth intervals resembled that of a modern child. Conclusion? Even in humanity's earliest days, childhood was more prolonged than it is among our primate cousins, demanding lots of care—and possibly social organization.

Observed

NAME: *Sitta canadensis*, or the red-breasted nuthatch (left).
RECENTLY SEEN: Cracking the code of the blackcapped chickadee (*Poecile atricapillus*).

THEY'RE ENEMIES? No. They help each other out.
HOW'S THAT? Chickadees sound alarm calls—"chick-a-dee"—that vary in speed and the number of "dee" syllables depending on the threat. New research by scientists at the universities of Washington and Montana has found that nuthatches can decipher chickadee calls—the first known example of such sophisticated interspecies eavesdropping. When chickadees warn that, say, an agile owl is nearby, the nuthatches join forces with them and surround the predator, which happens to be both species' best hope of driving it away.

Visit Smithsonian.com to see flashing squid and snakes attacking snails.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP RIGHT: THE ROYAL SOCIETY; MICHAEL & PATRICIA FOGDEN / MINDEN PICTURES; PROCEEDINGS OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES; J. WEDGE / VREO; MASAKI HOSO / KYOTO UNIVERSITY

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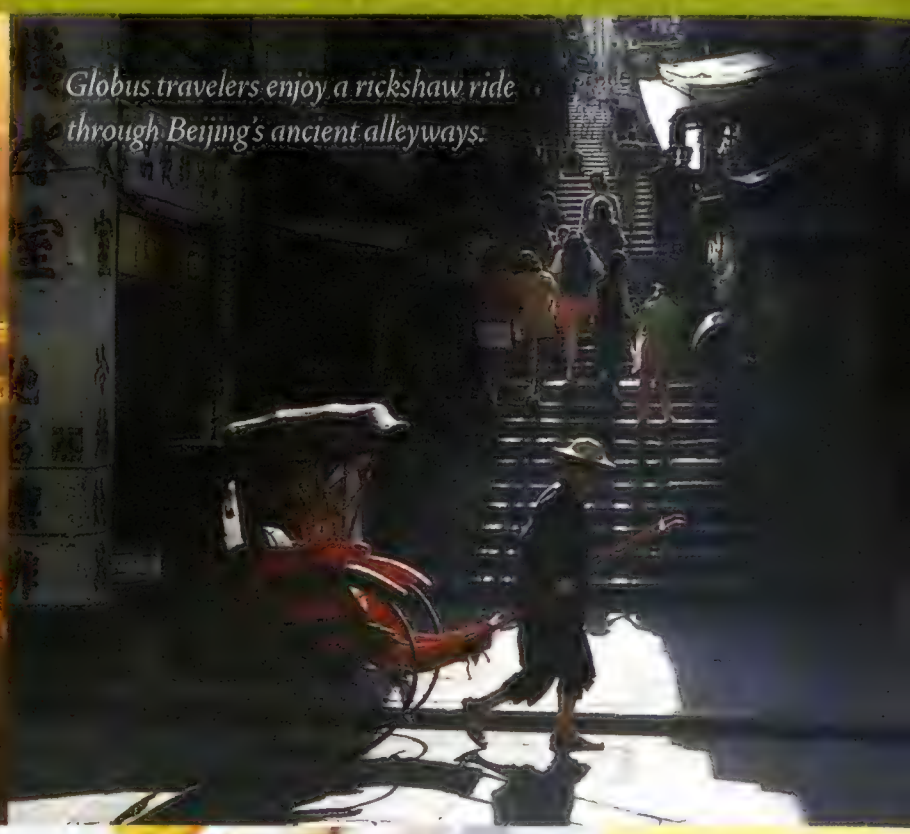

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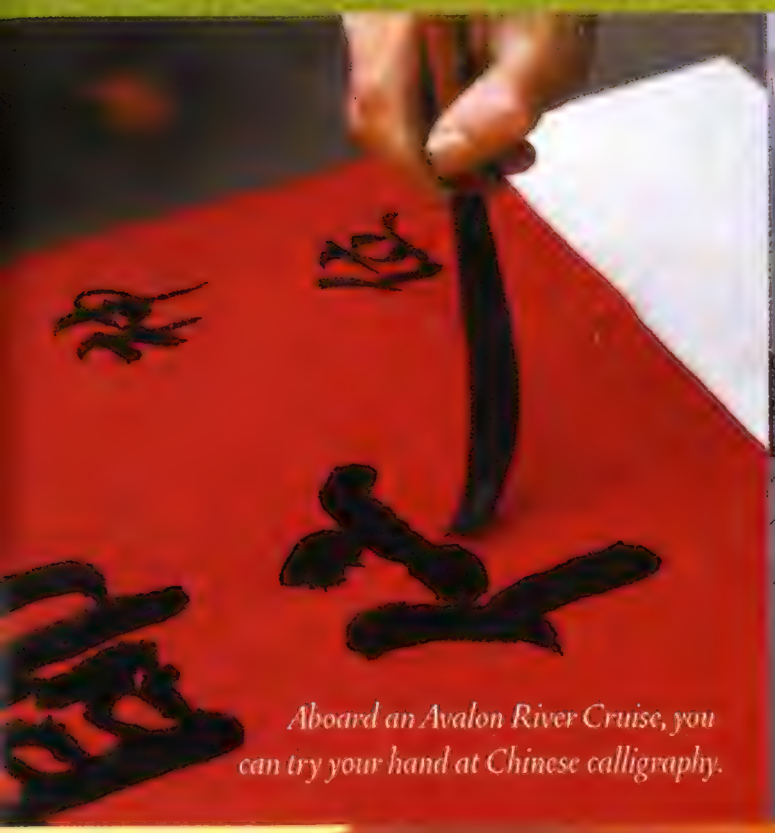

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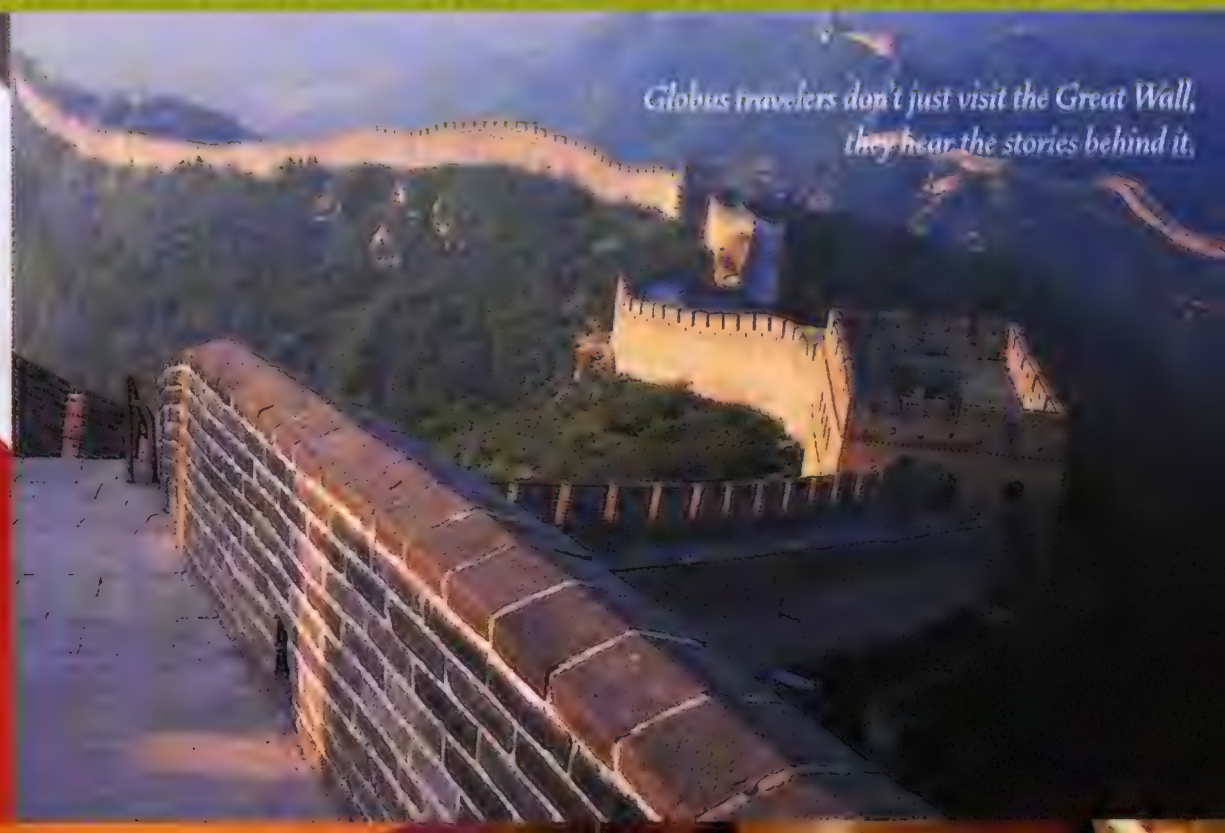

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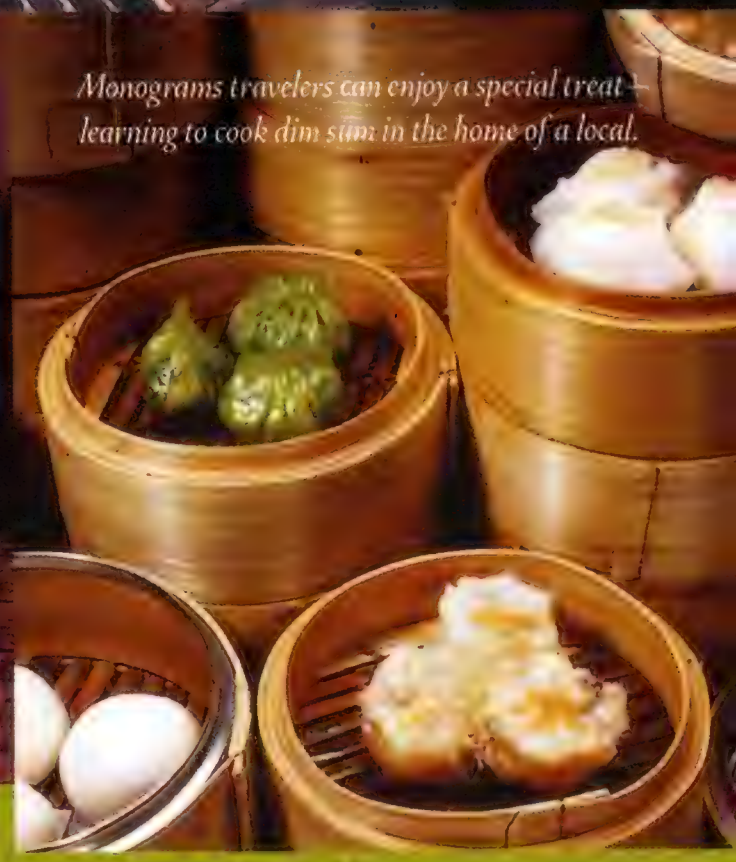

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"I always thought of Bill as like us," says Karen Chatham (left), "until years later, when I realized that he was famous."

They Needed to Talk

And family friend William Eggleston, his camera at his side, felt compelled to shoot

BY EMILY YELLIN

THE DETAILS are a bit sketchy now, but everyone agrees the picture was taken in Memphis, Tennessee, on a late summer night in 1973. Karen Chatham, the young woman in blue, recalls that she had been out drinking when she met up with Lesa Aldridge, the woman in red. Lesa didn't drink at the time, but both were 18, the legal age then. As the bars closed at 3 a.m., the two followed some other revelers to a friend's house nearby. In the mix was a 30-something man who had been taking pictures all night. "I always thought of Bill as just like us," Karen says today, "until years later, when I realized that he was famous."

Bill is William Eggleston, now known as the man who made color photography a respectable art form. Just three years later, his work—vivid shots of a rusty tricycle, an old oven, a hound dog drinking from a muddy puddle—was the subject of the Museum of Modern Art's first major solo exhibition of color photographs. While Eggleston's pictures helped legitimize his medium, a reputation as a hard-drinking and nattily dressed Southern eccentric added to his legend. Since 2005, two documentaries about him—and one *by* him—have made the international film festival

Karen (at left) is now a nurse; Lesa teaches high-school English. Eggleston (below) recently published his 11th book.

circuit. And the 11th book of his work, *5x7*, was published earlier this year.

The new book features photographs from a 1973 project in which Eggleston took a $10,000 studio portrait camera into Memphis bars to shoot candid pictures of anonymous patrons. The photograph of Karen and Lesa, which appears in the book, is part of that series, though it wasn't taken in a bar and the subjects were hardly anonymous to Eggleston. Lesa is his second cousin, and Karen was her best friend.

Lesa recalls that the picture was taken on the night before she left home for her freshman year at Sarah Lawrence College in New York. Her mother had made the red dress, patterning it after an Austrian folk costume. At the after-hours party, Karen was crying and "really distraught about some boy trouble," Lesa remembers. In order to talk in private, they went into a bathroom, where Karen somehow managed to fall into a bathtub full of water. After she dried off, she put on a blue velour robe that was hanging behind the door. Then the two camped out in the next room and resumed talking.

"I was so used to Eggleston taking pictures everywhere we went that summer that it didn't faze me."

"Suddenly, in the periphery, I heard Eggleston say, 'Oh, what a beautiful picture,'" Lesa says. "And then people were setting up lights and it was like Hollywood or something." Neither young woman paid them much heed. "I was just in that little world with Karen," Lesa says. "I was so used to Eggleston taking pictures everywhere we went that summer that it didn't even faze me," Karen says.

The picture's soothing, Vermeer-like effect and classically romantic sensibility depart from Eggleston's signature visual style, which uses color and light to bring out hidden charms in subjects that are both ordinary and stark. His photos are credited with inspiring the look of such films as David Lynch's *Blue Velvet* and Sofia Coppola's *The Virgin Suicides*. But the differences between this photograph and his others don't matter much to him.

"I wouldn't change anything," says Eggleston, now 67. "The whole picture is very painting-like. It's not like most of my work. That may have been what attracted me to notice it." He takes only one shot of any scene and feels lucky to have captured this one. "I knew it was a beautiful sight," he says. "The picture has the appearance that I had gone to a lot of trouble arranging it. But I didn't."

Karen and Lesa are both 51 now and divorced. Karen uses her middle name, Lucretia, and her married name, Hampton; she has a son and works as a nurse in Memphis. Lesa has two sons and a daughter and teaches high-school English in Nashville. From this photograph, it's hard to believe that a few years later the women sang in a Memphis punk band called Gangrene and the Scurvy Girls. (They were the Scurvy Girls.) The band didn't last. However, Eggleston's delicate image of their youth did. And for that, both women say, they're grateful.

EMILY YELLIN *grew up in Memphis and is the author of* Our Mothers' War.

MARK TUCKER: MAUDE SCHUYLER: PP. 18-19 WILLIAM EGGLESTON TRUST

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Let There Be Light

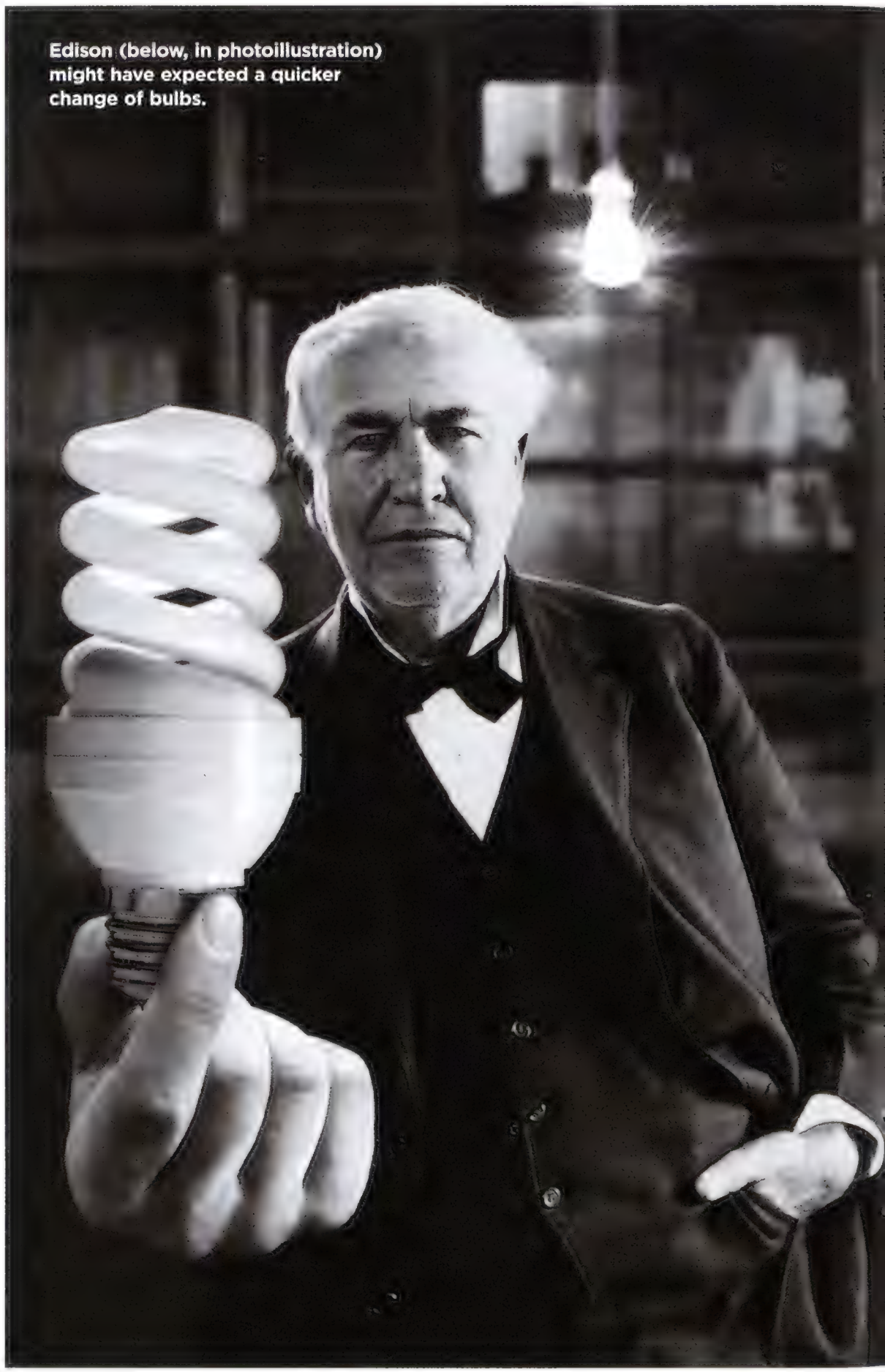
Incandescent or fluorescent? What would Edison do?

BY RICHARD CONNIFF

LIVE LONG ENOUGH, and technologies that once seemed immortal fade into oblivion, often taking a piece of your heart with them: the 45 rpm record, the transistor radio, photographic film, a typewriter left at the curb to be anointed by passing dogs. The case that brings this gloomy thought to mind probably isn't going to hurt as bad as finding your old copy of Led Zeppelin's *Houses of the Holy* LP growing mold in your parents' basement. Still, there's always something poignant when a pear-bodied vestige of our past gives way to a younger rival once dismissed as clunky and cold, and now revealed in a slimmer, smarter, sexier new form.

I am talking about the impending demise of the incandescent light bulb, at the hands of the compact fluorescent lamp (or CFL). After roughly 125 years as one of the most familiar objects in our lives, providing a simple, dependable, relatively cheap source of light (and fodder for an entire genre of jokes), the incandescent bulb has lately become the bane of everyone who worries about global warming. Even its admirers concede that it's an energy hog, converting less than 10 percent of the electricity it uses into light. (The other 90-odd percent goes to waste as heat.) And since much of that wasted electricity comes from dirty, coal-fired power plants, this adds up to a lot of needless greenhouse gas emissions.

The CFL's admirers say it is not only far more efficient and cooler, both literally and figuratively, but also lasts about ten times longer (although it doesn't last as long if you



Edison (below, in photoillustration) might have expected a quicker change of bulbs.

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turn it on and off too often). Put a CFL in place of a 60-watt incandescent bulb, and you save about $30 in electrical costs alone over the life of the CFL. More important, you avoid over 80 pounds of greenhouse gas emissions annually. And if every household in the country made the switch in just one socket, it would be the global warming equivalent of yanking 800,000 cars off the road, according to Richard Karney, an official with the federal Energy Star program, which promotes energy efficiency.

Hence the strange spectacle of environmentalists advising people that they can help save the world by taking perfectly good, working light bulbs and throwing them in the trash. Religious organizations have also begun to advocate ditching the incandescent bulb as a moral cause. (A coalition of synagogues and environmental activists has organized its campaign under the slogan, "How many Jews does it take to change a light bulb?") Australia, formerly a global warming skeptic, has actually banned incandescent light bulbs, beginning by the end of the decade; the European Union has voted to follow suit, and California is considering a ban. But the most powerful force pushing the incandescent bulb over the cliff is undoubtedly Wal-Mart, the largest retailer on earth, which has adopted CFLs "with the zealotry of a convert," as the *New York Times* recently put it, and set a goal of boosting U.S. sales from 40 million to 100 million a year. Since there are only about 110 million households in the country, that would just about accomplish Karney's hypothetical 800,000-car scenario in one fell swoop.

OK, a little perspective: the incandescent bulb still accounts for about 85 percent of the two billion bulbs sold annually in the United States. So predictions of its demise are perhaps wishful. But despite growth in housing, incandescent sales recently began a notable decline. Meanwhile, CFL sales have more than doubled. Thomas A. Edison, who demonstrated his first incandescent test model in 1879 in New Jersey (which is now debating a ban in government buildings), would see which way the wind is blowing.

He would also probably understand all the nasty things people are saying about what he considered his greatest invention. He once bad-mouthed gas, his chief rival in the illumination game, as "almost entirely heat and only incidentally a little light," not to mention being "evil" and a source of "vile poison." Then, piling it on a bit, he described gas as traveling through "an immense system of sewerage pipes," escaping "through holes into our apartments" and supplanting oxygen with sulfuric acid and other "reeking" impurities, all for a "nauseous, dim flicker."

So much for the romance of gaslight.

What would probably surprise Edison is that his invention is still around 125 years later. From a standing start in August 1878, it took his laboratory just over a year to solve the problems that had hindered development of the incandescent bulb through the previous 40 years of tinkering by other inventors. He demonstrated the success of his work with typical panache, on a stormy New Year's Eve, 1879, by illuminating his laboratory in Menlo Park (now Edison), New Jersey, with more than 50 incandescent bulbs. Hundreds of people came by train to witness the spectacle of these glass bubbles glowing, almost miraculously, without smoke, smell or sound.

There's always something poignant when a pear-bodied vestige of our past gives way to a younger and sexier rival.

Thus the age of electric light was born and, with a few modest improvements, it has spread around the world largely on the basis of Edison's incandescent bulb. It would be hard to overstate how profoundly this invention, and Edison's simultaneous development of a system of electrical distribution, changed society, freeing home and work lives from the natural limits of darkness. Even today in developing regions, the arrival of the light bulb often leads to a decline in the birthrate and the expansion of literacy.

But pride of ownership aside, Edison would surely expect somebody else to have come up with a better bulb by now. And of course someone has. The reason more people don't know it is that the compact fluorescent lamp was such a stinker in its first incarnation, after the energy crisis of the 1970s. Whereas the modern CFL typically looks like a swirl of ice cream, with a playful air bordering on insouciance, early CFLs were big, expensive and blocky. They looked as if they'd been designed by architects from the Soviet School of Collective Misery, and they gave off a ghastly cold light. The one thing to be said for them, apart from energy efficiency, was that they seemed to last forever, even if you wished they wouldn't. (I still have some imprisoned in my cellar, where they cling fiercely to life.) The memory of that experience, combined with the relative complexity of choosing the right CFL, has discouraged many people from making the switch.

"I made a lot of mistakes along the way," says Erica Rowell, a writer and editor at Environmental Defense, who purged incandescent bulbs from her New York City apartment last year. Rowell was putting together what is now the best CFL guide on the Internet (you can find it at environmentaldefense.org/go/cflguide) and ran into the same problems other consumers face. "Most Web sites didn't answer the question I had, which was: Which are the good ones?" she said. She didn't know that the warmest light occurs at around 2,700 to 2,850 degrees Kelvin. "So a couple of the ones I bought had a bluer, colder-looking light. And then I knew, 'Never buy these again.' I put them in the closets." She also didn't know that there are three different technologies for producing

P. 22 PHOTO ILLUSTRATION: WILLIAM DUKE; COMPONENT IMAGES: (EDISON) BETTMANN / CORBIS; (BULB) THOM LANG / CORBIS

light after you flip the switch, one instant and "the others not so instant." The Environmental Defense Web site now contains full product information on about 50 CFLs, including ones that work with dimmers and three-way lamps.

Rowell says the product labeling on CFLs still often omits the kind of information that consumers need, such as the Kelvin rating. So she suggests three simple shortcuts: first, look for the words "warm white." (That will guarantee a color-rendering index that won't make a woman look as if she applied her makeup after a round of banana daiquiris at Tammy Faye's house.) Second, start by buying just one CFL, to see if you like that particular product. And third, stick with CFLs that carry the federal Energy Star label, which assures efficiency, durability and consistency. CFLs tend to be more expensive than incandescent bulbs, but the extra cost gets paid back in lower electric bills within six months. For years (and years) after that, they save money.

In truth, once you get past the initial anxiety, the CFL looks almost too good to be true. It's like the long-lasting light bulb that, according to cultural lore, Big Business would never let us have because it would cut into both power company profits and future light bulb sales. It's like Byron the Bulb, whose unusual longevity in Thomas Pynchon's 1973 novel *Gravity's Rainbow* caused alarm in "the Phoebus Surveillance Room," a vault deep beneath the Alps where "a cadre of superclean white-robed watchers" wandered "meter to meter, light as snow-devils," making sure that all light bulbs died more or less on schedule. When Byron passes 1,000 operating hours, still going strong, the Phoebus cartel sends out a hit man. (I assumed that the Phoebus cartel was the stuff of fiction, or conspiracy theory paranoia. But until a U.S. antitrust action in the late 1930s, light bulb manufacturers did in fact conspire to control prices and, some critics say, impede development of longer-lasting bulbs. Outside of Pynchon, though, there is no evidence of light bulb hit men, nor of mysterious strangers offering large sums to buy back light bulbs that have exceeded their normal life span.)

So is the CFL perfect? And is this the end of the incandescent light bulb? Hal Wallace, a curator of the electrical collection at the Smithsonian's National Museum of American History, scoffs. "Inventors immemorial have made multiple predictions of the demise of the incandescent light bulb," he says, "starting in Edison's lifetime." One of Edison's own employees, Daniel MacFarlan Moore, may have been among the first. "What's wrong with my light?" Edison is supposed to have asked, when Moore started to tinker with a replacement idea. And Moore undiplomatically replied, "It's too small, too hot and too red." He soon found employment elsewhere. Other predictions have followed, says Wallace, "any time there was a new technological breakthrough in the field of lighting."

Not surprisingly, Jack Stanley, curator of the Thomas A. Edison Menlo

THE STATE

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Paintings, left to right: *Ocean Park #103* © 1978 Richard Diebenkorn, Collection of the Modern Art Museum of Fort Worth, Museum purchase, Sid W. Richardson Foundation Endowment Fund and The Burnett Foundation; *Beta Alu* © 1960 Morris Louis, Collection of the Modern Art Museum of Fort Worth, Museum purchase, The Benjamin J. Tillar Memorial Trust; *Untitled* © 1977 Agnes Martin

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Park Museum in Edison, New Jersey, also defends the incandescent bulb. "There's always another side to the blade," he says. "One hundred years ago everyone traveled by horse, and people complained about the pollution," meaning manure in the streets. "Then cars came along and everybody said, 'Great, no more pollution.'"

Likewise, there is a dark side to CFLs. Like other fluorescents, they contain a pollutant, about four milligrams of mercury per lamp. Steve DenBaars, a professor of material science at the University of California at Santa Barbara, does some quick calculations and concludes that this is about the same amount of mercury you would get in 100 cans of tuna fish. DenBaars is not suggesting that you eat your CFLs. Nor does this mercury normally get released into the environment. But four milligrams is "not nothing," he says. "You don't want to use CFLs for down lighting over kitchen counters. A champagne cork hits one, you've just dusted your whole kitchen with mercury."

But it's easy enough to handle CFLs with care and dispose of them safely, when they finally die, through local hazardous-waste collections or through CFL recycling programs. Meanwhile, you have avoided the much larger and less manageable mercury pollution that would have been produced by coal-fired electric plants to light an incandescent bulb. This makes the CFL "the only short-term solution, and it's a big one," says DenBaars. "I think it could cut energy use by 10 percent." But the mercury issue is "also why we need to look at new technologies that can beat CFLs, and do it in a safer manner."

DenBaars expects light-emitting diodes, or LEDs, to be cheap enough for widespread household use within four years. LEDs are already common in mobile phones and some flashlights, and where incandescent bulbs convert less than 10 percent of incoming energy into light, and CFLs manage 18 to 20 percent, LEDs boast a 40 percent conversion rate, without mercury or other contaminants.

So which bulb would Thomas Edison choose if he were alive today?

Given his ability to see problems on a global scale and his natural aversion to wasting coal, it's a safe bet that he'd be working under the light of CFLs and furiously developing a better LED. At the Menlo Park Museum, Jack Stanley says it's still possible to pay homage to Edison in a world without incandescent light bulbs: "Flying in a 747 is different from a ride in the Wright Flyer, but it's still flight. Credit should be given where credit is due, and the concept of electric light is mainly Edison's. He brought it to fruition, he made it practical. I can't think of anything that will hold out for 125 years unchallenged." Then, reaching a bit, he adds, "The only thing that will last longer is Edison's invention of the word 'hello' for answering the telephone."

But that, he concedes, is another story.

RICHARD CONNIFF *wrote about rising violence in Kenya in the February issue.*

OF TEXAS

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The New World's Oldest Calendar?

Research at a 4,200-year-old temple in Peru yields clues to an ancient people who may have clocked the heavens **BY ANNE BOLEN**

THEY WERE EXCAVATING at Buena Vista, an ancient settlement in the foothills of the Andes an hour's drive north of Lima, Peru. A dozen archaeology students hauled rocks out of a sunken temple and lobbed them to each other in a human chain. Suddenly, Bernardino Ojeda, a Peruvian archaeologist, called for the students to stop. He had spotted bits of tan rope poking out of the rubble in the temple's central room. Ojeda handed his protégés small paintbrushes and showed them how to whisk away centuries of dirt. From the sickeningly sweet odor, he suspected that the rope wasn't the only thing buried beneath the rocks: most likely, it was wrapped around a corpse.

"Burials here have a distinctive smell," says Neil Duncan, an anthropologist at the University of Missouri, "even after 4,000 years."

The crew spent the rest of the day uncovering the remains, those of a woman in her late 40s, her body mummified by the dry desert climate. Two intertwined ropes, one of braided llama wool and the other of twisted cotton, bound her straw shroud, bundling the skeleton in the fetal position typical of ancient Peruvian burials. Nearby, the researchers found a metal pendant that they believe she wore.

The mummy—the only complete set of human remains yet recovered from Buena Vista—may play a role in a crucial debate about the origin of civilization in Peru. The excavation's leader, Robert Benfer, also of the University of Missouri, is analyzing bones from the site for signs of what people ate or the sort of work they did. He hopes the analyses will shed light on a controversial theory: that these ancient Peruvians established a complex, sedentary society relying not just on agriculture—long viewed as the catalyst for the first permanent settlements worldwide—but also on

Researchers say the temple (top) is a key to Andean civilization (Bernardino Ojeda blows dust from a mural, left).

STAN FELLOWS; ANNE BOLEN

fishing. If so, Benfer says, "Peru is the only exception to how civilizations developed 4,000 to 5,000 years ago."

As it happens, one of his liveliest foils in this debate is Neil Duncan, his collaborator and Missouri colleague. Both agree that some farming and some fishing took place here. But the two disagree about how important each was to the ancient Peruvians' diet and way of life. Duncan says these people must have grown many plants for food, given evidence that they also grew cotton (for fishing nets) and gourds (for floats). Benfer counters that a few useful plants do not an agriculturalist make: "Only when plants become a prominent part of your diet do you become a farmer."

One clue that the Buena Vista site was aligned with the seasons comes from a menacing statue (Ojeda is in the background) that faces the winter solstice sunset.

Benfer and his team began excavating at Buena Vista in 2002. Two years later they uncovered the site's most notable feature, a ceremonial temple complex about 55 feet long. At the heart of the temple was an offering chamber about six feet deep and six feet wide. It was brimming with layers of partially burned grass; pieces of squash, guava and another native fruit called lucuma; guinea pig; a few mussel shells; and scraps of cotton fabric—all capped by river rocks. Carbon-dated burned twigs from the pit suggest the temple was completed more than 4,200 years ago. It was used until about 3,500 years ago, when these occupants apparently abandoned the settlement.

A few weeks before the end of the excavation season, the archaeologists cleared away rocks from an entrance to the temple and found themselves staring at a mural. It was staring back. A catlike eye was the first thing they saw, and when they exposed the rest of the mural they found that the eye belonged to a fox nestled inside the womb of a llama.

Within days, Duncan spied a prominent rock on a ridge to the east. It lined up with the center of the offering chamber, midway between its front and back openings. The rock appeared to have been shaped into the profile of a face and placed on the ridge. It occurred to Benfer that the temple may have been built to track the movements of the sun and stars.

He and his colleagues consulted astronomer Larry Adkins of Cerritos College in Norwalk, California. Adkins calculated that 4,200 years ago, on the summer solstice, the sun would have risen over the rock when viewed from the temple. And in the hours before dawn on the summer solstice, a starry fox constellation would have risen between two other large rocks that were placed on the same ridge.

Because the fox has been a potent symbol among many indigenous South Americans, representing water and cultivation, Benfer speculates that the temple's fox mural and apparent orientation to the fox constellation are clues to the structure's significance. He proposes that the "Temple of the Fox" functioned as a calendar, and that the people of Buena Vista used the temple to honor the deities and ask for good harvests—or good fishing—on the summer solstice, the beginning of the flooding season of the nearby Chillón River.

The idea of a stone calendar is further supported, the researchers say, by their 2005 discovery near the main temple of a mud plaster sculpture, three feet in diameter, of a frowning face. It resembles the sun, or maybe the moon, and is flanked by two animals, perhaps foxes. The face looks westward, oriented to the location of sunset on the winter solstice.

Other archaeologists are still evaluating the research, which has not yet been published in a scientific journal. But if Benfer is right, the Temple of the Fox is the oldest known structure in the New World used as a calendar.

For his part, Duncan says he maintains "a bit of scientific skepticism" about the temple's function as a calendar, even though, he says, that view supports his side in the debate about early Peruvian civilization. Calendars, after all, "coincide with agricultural societies." And referring to the vegetable-stuffed offering pit, he asks, "Why else would you build such a ceremonial temple and make offerings that were mostly plants?"

But Benfer hasn't given up on the theory that ancient Peruvians sustained themselves in large part from the sea. How else to explain all the fish bones and shells found at the site? And, he says, crops would fail if the fickle Chillón River did not overflow its banks and saturate the desert nearby, or if it flooded too much. "It's difficult to make it just on plants," he says.

So even after several seasons' worth of discoveries, Benfer and Duncan are still debating—collegially. As Benfer puts it, "I like it that his biases are different than mine."

ANNE BOLEN, *a former staff member, is now managing editor of* Geotimes.

NEIL A. DUNCAN

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The Power of Dreams

THIS MONTH IN HISTORY

MAY ANNIVERSARIES

MOMENTOUS OR MERELY MEMORABLE

BY ALISON McLEAN

100 YEARS AGO "GODMOTHER OF GREEN"

Rachel Carson is born May 27, 1907, in Springdale, Pennsylvania. Raised by her mother to love the natural world, Carson becomes a marine biologist. She wins praise for her early books on sea life, but it is *Silent Spring,* her 1962 polemic against DDT and other pesticides, that galvanizes a new American environmental movement. Carson dies of cancer in 1964 at 56. DDT is banned in the U.S. in 1972.

70 YEARS AGO GOLDEN DAYS

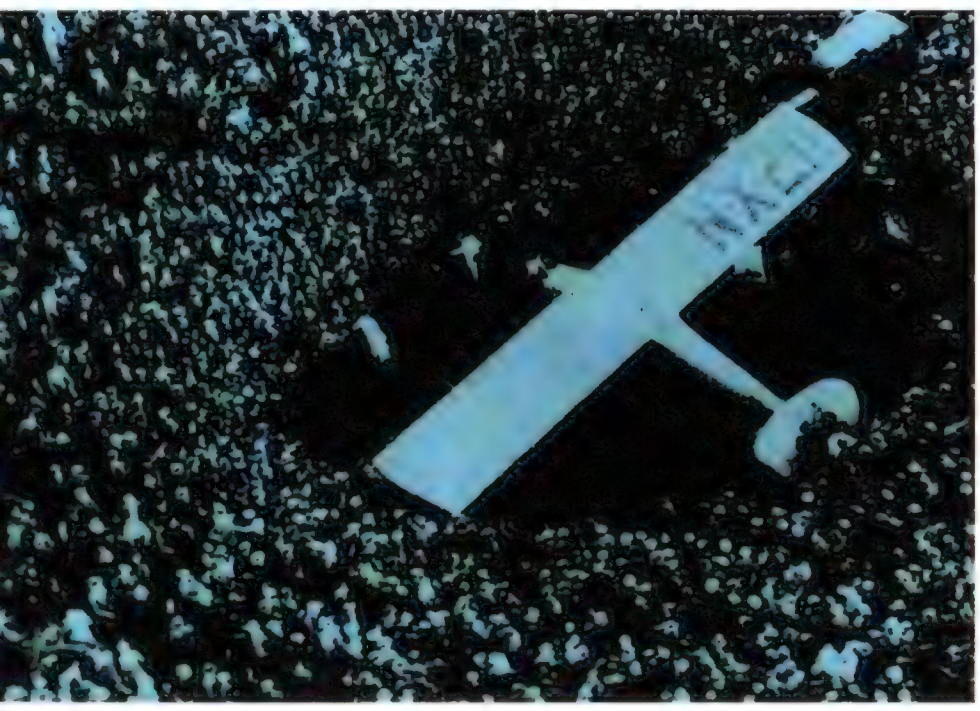
A 6 a.m. foghorn blast on May 27, 1937, signals the opening of California's Golden Gate Bridge and spurs more than 100,000 pedestrians on a charge across the world's longest suspension span. Four years and $35 million in the making, the two-mile bridge crosses the strait—dubbed the Golden Gate by John C. Frémont in 1846—between San Francisco and Marin County. The bridge opens to vehicles the following day, and although it soon becomes a San Francisco symbol, the Golden Gate is out-distanced in 1964 by New York's Verazzano-Narrows Bridge.

30 YEARS AGO A FORCE, OF COURSE

What's a Wookiee? Americans find out when writer and director George Lucas' movie *Star Wars* debuts May 25, 1977. The swashbuckling battle to save a "galaxy far, far away" from an evil empire grosses $800 million and reinvents special effects. Five sequels and "prequels" later, it is Lucas who has an empire.

60 YEARS AGO POLITICS AND PROSE

"Any one who lived in Louisiana under the consulship of Huey P. Long could not help but speculate about the irony of means and ends in politics," says Robert Penn Warren, 42, of the inspiration behind his novel *All the King's Men*, which takes the Pulitzer Prize for fiction in May 1947. The story of Willie Stark—power-hungry, corrupt and terribly popular—is hailed as the great American political novel. Warren wins two more Pulitzers, for poetry, and dies in 1989.



80 YEARS AGO IT WAS THE BEST OF TIMES

On May 21, 1927, Charles A. Lindbergh, 25, alights on Le Bourget Airfield near Paris, the first man to make a nonstop, solo transatlantic flight. His 3,610-mile trip from New York, aboard the single engine Ryan monoplane *Spirit of St. Louis*, takes 33 hours and 32 minutes, much of it through sleet. "I landed perfectly," he tells a reporter. "Then the crowd descended and it was all over but the handshaking." Lindbergh and his plane go home by ship.

70 YEARS AGO IT WAS THE WORST OF TIMES

The dirigible *Hindenburg*, at 804 feet the largest airship ever built, explodes while docking at Lakehurst, New Jersey, May 6, 1937, plunging to the ground. The ship, fueled by hydrogen, is immolated in seconds. "I figured my best chance would be to jump," says one of 62 survivors; 36 die. An inquiry finds an atmospheric spark ignited a hydrogen leak; rival theories, including sabotage, persist today. Commercial dirigible travel goes down with the ship.

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Potential Complications
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Caution
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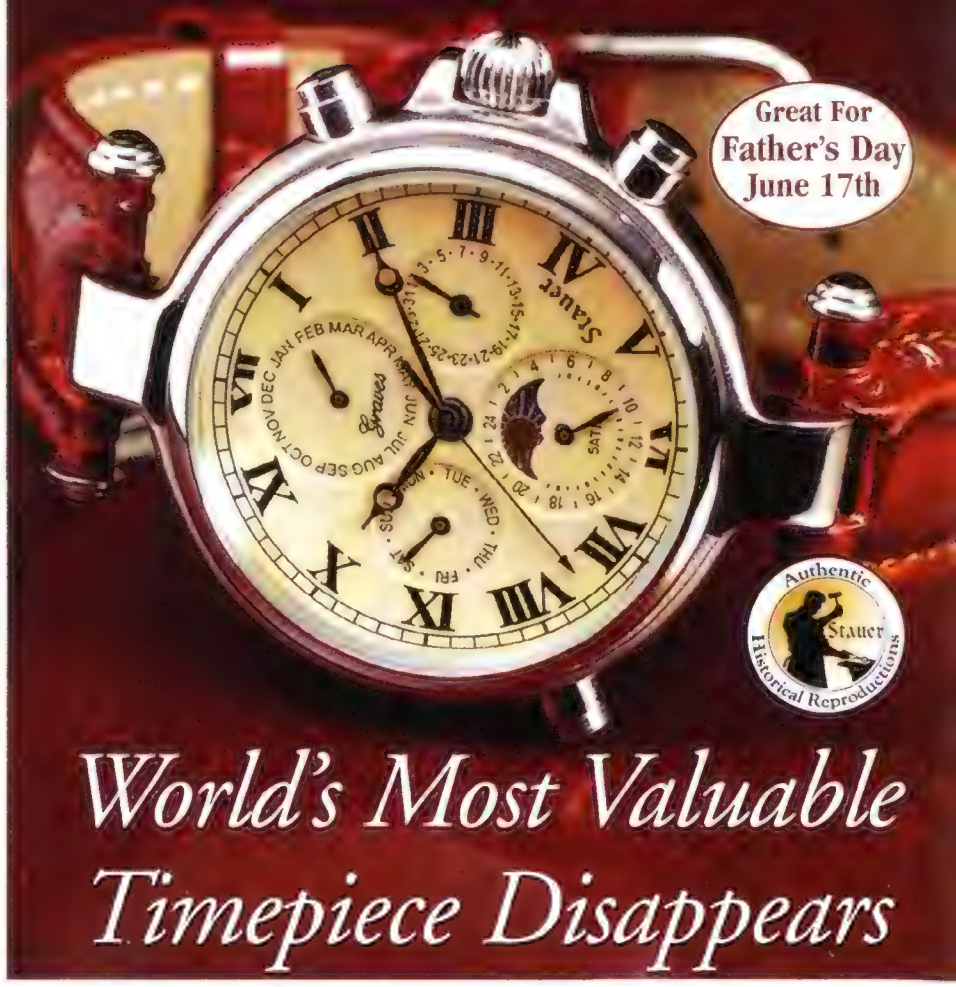

World's Most Valuable Timepiece Disappears

Back in 1933, the single most important watch ever built was engineered for a quiet millionaire collector named Henry Graves. It took over three years and the most advanced horological technique to create the multifunction masterpiece. Recently this ultra-rare innovation was auctioned off for the record price of $11,030,000 by Sotheby's to a secretive anonymous collector. Now the watch is locked away in a private vault in an unknown location. We believe that a classic like this should be available to true watch aficionados, so Stauer replicated the exact Graves design in the limited edition Graves '33.

The antique enameled face and Bruguet hands are true to the original. But the real beauty of this watch is on the inside. We replicated an extremely complicated automatic movement with 27 jewels and seven hands. There are over 210 individual parts that are assembled entirely by hand and then tested for over 15 days on Swiss calibrators to ensure accuracy. The watches are then reinspected in the United States upon their arrival.

The face of the original 1930 s Graves timepiece from the Museum of Time.

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Business Week states it best... "It's the complications that can have the biggest impact on price." (*Business Week, July, 2003*). The four interior complications on our Graves™ watch display the month, day, date and the 24 hour clock graphically depicts the sun and the moon. The innovative engine for this timepiece is powered by the movement of the body as the automatic rotor winds the mainspring. It never needs batteries and never needs to be manually wound. The precision crafted gears are "lubricated" by 27 rubies that give the hands a smooth sweeping movement. And the watch is tough enough to stay water resistant to 5 atmospheres. The movement is covered by a 2-year warranty.

Many fine 27-jewel automatics that are on the market today are usually priced well over $2,000 dollars, but you can enter the rarified world of fine watch collecting for under $100. Try the handsome Graves '33 timepiece risk free for 30 days. If you are not thrilled with the quality and rare design, please send it back for a full refund of the purchase price.

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Around the Mall

SCENES AND SIGHTINGS FROM THE SMITHSONIAN MUSEUMS AND BEYOND

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CLOUDED COMEBACK?

In one respect, it has been a good year for the clouded leopard, a strange and beautiful Asian cat. Fifteen cubs, 12 of which survived, were born at the Khao Kheow Open Zoo in Chonburi, Thailand, offspring of a collaboration with the Smithsonian's National Zoo. ▶

JAY CLENDENIN / AURORA

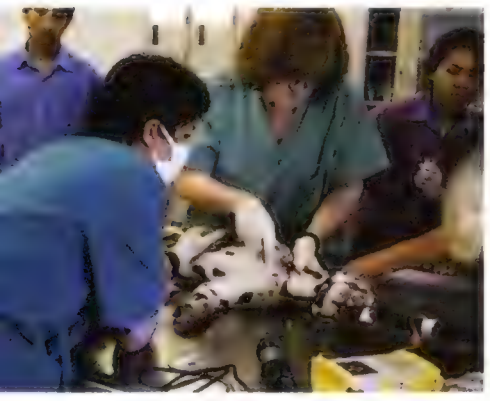
"This species is just tough," the Zoo's JoGayle Howard says of breeding the clouded leopard, an endangered cat in Southeast Asia.

CLOUDED LEOPARDS

{ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35 }

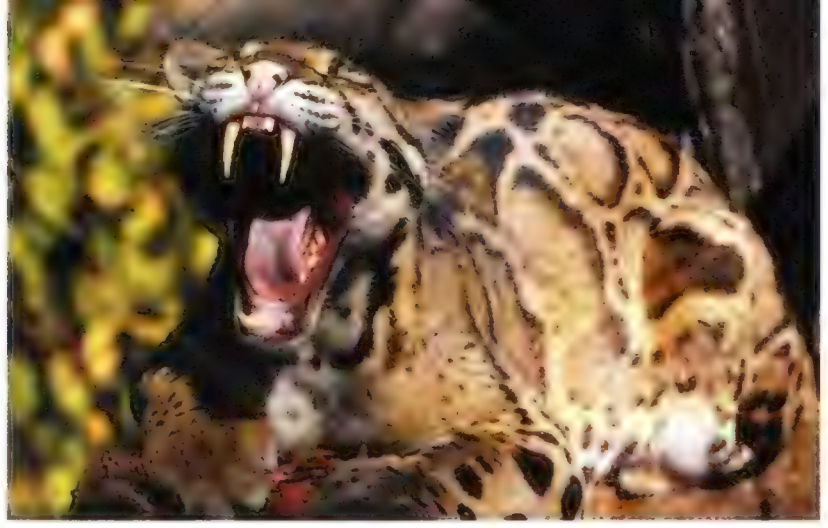
The births were part of an initiative to ensure the survival of the clouded leopard, which is endangered in the wild and, in that respect, had another bad year. Deforestation is not only destroying the arboreal feline's habitat, across Southern Asia from Nepal to Borneo, but also isolating populations, causing inbreeding that can harm the health of offspring and lower their reproductive success. Even in wilderness preserves, poachers kill cloudeds, hoping to pass off their pelts as tiger skins or sell the bones for use in traditional Chinese remedies. Researchers estimate that only 5,000 to 10,000 clouded leopards remain in the wild.

Though its spots are indeed cloud-shaped, the animal is only a cousin of the leopard (*Panthera pardus*). In fact, the clouded leopard has its own genus (*Neofelis*). It also has the longest tail for its size of all the felids, and its canine teeth are so long that it was once thought to be a descendant of the saber-toothed tiger. (It isn't.) It's exceptionally acrobatic, even for a cat; its rotating rear ankles allow the animal to sprint down a tree trunk like a squirrel.



Boosting fertility: Howard treats an anesthetized female in Thailand.

Much of what scientists know about breeding the animal in captivity they learned at the Smithsonian National Zoo's Conservation and Research Center (CRC), a 3,200-acre facility that stretches along the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains in Front Royal, Virginia. One CRC building currently houses eight intensively studied cloudeds. "Of all the cats, nothing is as hard [to breed] as the clouded leopard," says JoGayle Howard, a reproductive physiologist with the National Zoo, who has bred cheetahs, pumas and tigers and had a hand in the birth of the Zoo's celebrated young panda, Tai Shan.



No, clouded leopards aren't descended from saber-toothed tigers.

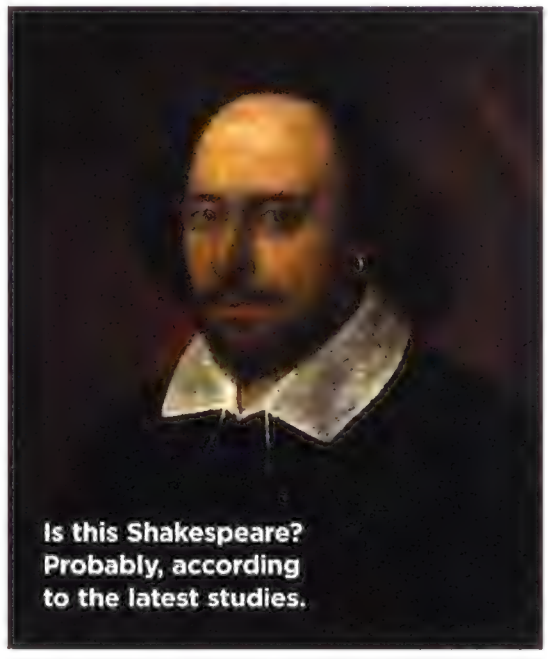
Artificial insemination, which has proved successful with several other mammal species, has yielded just one litter of clouded leopards in 25 years. Natural mating has been a challenge too; researchers have found that wild-born adult males often attack and kill potential mates.

But zookeepers, including the CRC's Kenneth Lang, put the skittish cats in taller enclosures with more logs to climb; moved them away from tigers, bears and other intimidating animals; enriched their diet; and introduced potential mates as cubs. Such measures calmed down the animals, according to stress and reproductive hormones in fecal samples analyzed by Howard, co-worker Katey Pelican and others. And fertility rates improved. Prior to 2002, when the CRC first teamed up with Thai zoos, no more than 5 clouded leopards had been born in captivity in Thailand; since then, 26 have been born, 22 of which survived.

It's not clear whether the researchers will attain the ultimate goal of breeding a sufficiently large and diverse population of clouded leopards to begin reintroducing them to depleted populations in the wild. But, says National Zoo spokesman John Gibbons, Howard and her co-workers have taken a key first step by "cracking the code of what makes a successful captive-breeding program." { BY DAVID ZAX }

Checking the Bard's I.D.

Nevermind the controversy over the authorship of William Shakespeare's plays. What did the man look like? Out of all the images said to depict the playwright, only one bears strong evidence of being an authentic likeness created in the bard's own lifetime. And that painting, the Chandos portrait—named for a previous owner, the third Duke of Chandos—is coming for the first time to the Smithsonian's National Portrait Gallery, as part of an exhibition, "Great Britons," beginning April 27. Long attributed to artist John Taylor, also an actor acquaintance of Shakespeare's, the Chandos portrait was acquired by Britain's National Portrait Gallery in 1856. Researchers there who tested the pigments and subjected the canvas to microscopic analysis concluded that the picture was created in the early 1600s, when Shakespeare was in his late 30s or early 40s, and that the gold earring is an original feature. That detail is telling, says curator Tarnya Cooper of the British Portrait Gallery, because actors and theater patrons in Shakespeare's day often wore an earring. Cooper says the evidence that the Chandos portrait depicts Shakespeare is only "suggestive." But perhaps the lady doth protest too much. { BY CHAI WOODHAM }



Is this Shakespeare? Probably, according to the latest studies.

JESSIE COHEN / NPG, 51 (2); BOTTOM: ATTRIBUTED TO JOHN TAYLOR, CIRCA 1600-1610 / NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, LONDON

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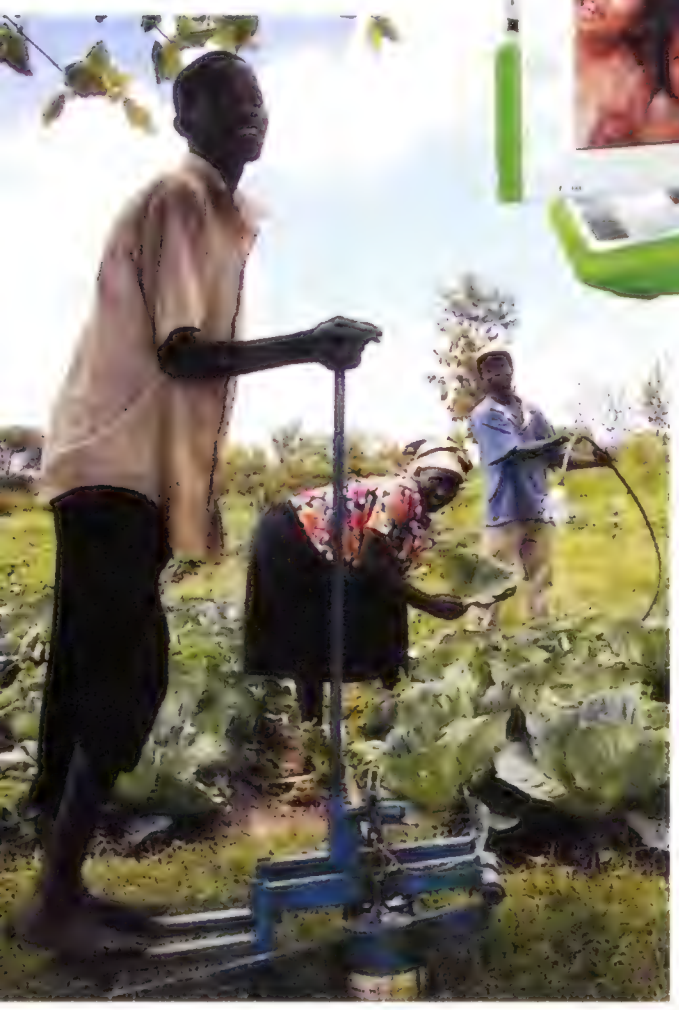
Design for a Better Planet

Ingenious tools serve basic needs

A new exhibition features the Super MoneyMaker irrigation pump (far left); a low-cost laptop for poor children in remote areas; and (above) the Pot-in-Pot evaporation food cooler.

AS A YOUNG MAN in a family of Nigerian pot makers, Mohammed Bah Abba wondered about a problem that plagues poor people in hot climates: how to keep food from spoiling without refrigeration. Then he hit upon a solution. Placing one earthenware pot inside another, he filled the space between them with wet sand, put produce in the smaller pot, and covered it with a damp cloth. Evaporation cooled the inner pot, and now an eggplant that normally spoiled after three days would stay fresh for weeks.



Abba's Pot-in-Pot Cooler and more than 30 other low-cost inventions comprise a new exhibition at the Smithsonian's Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum, in New York City, from May 4 to September 23. If superior design has historically been in the service of the wealthy—think of couture clothing, high-end architecture—the exhibition, "Design for the Other 90%," presents products that address the needs of the 90 percent of the world's population who are poor.

The LifeStraw, developed in 2005 by the Swiss-based firm Vestergaard Frandsen, consists of a one- by ten-inch plastic tube with an activated charcoal interior that can filter parasites and bacteria from contaminated water, rendering it potable. The device, costing as little as a few dollars, is being distributed by charitable groups and individual donors. More than a billion people worldwide lack access to clean water, and waterborne diseases kill 6,000 people a day, most of them children.

Some dirt-poor farmers in Africa are flourishing thanks to the Super MoneyMaker Pump, a $35 leg-powered water pump sold by a San Francisco-based organization, KickStart.

The One Laptop Per Child Project, started by MIT Media Lab faculty, has built a notebook computer that runs on very little power, will cost only $100 and will be given to poor children in the developing world.

Such ingenious tools should encourage "design professionals to look for affordable solutions to benefit a larger range of people," says curator Cynthia Smith. "The exhibition is a call to action."

The Dirt on Global Warming

Smithsonian scientists have found that, contrary to expectations, increased carbon dioxide in the atmosphere generates more of the gas, potentially adding to the greenhouse effect. Climate experts have long assumed that because carbon dioxide spurs plant growth and plants convert carbon dioxide to oxygen, ecosystems would slow global warming. Not necessarily. Working at a scrub oak ecosystem in Florida, researchers affiliated with the Smithsonian Environmental Research Center in Edgewater, Maryland, monitored soils exposed either to open air or air in which carbon dioxide levels had been artificially doubled. In soils exposed to elevated carbon dioxide levels, the decomposition of plants and other organic material was speeded up; as microbes and enzymes decompose plant matter, it releases carbon through respiration as carbon dioxide. "We were surprised to find that these soils were losing soil carbon despite the fact that there was more plant growth," says microbial ecologist Patrick Megonigal (left), one of the study authors.

For more about the Cooper-Hewitt exhibition, go to Smithsonian.com.

TOMAS BERTELSEN / COOPER-HEWITT NATIONAL DESIGN MUSEUM, SI; MARK SERR; COOPER-HEWITT NATIONAL DESIGN MUSEUM, SI; SERC, SI

Celebrate Culture Louisiana Style

When you make a list of Louisiana's unique offerings, you quickly see the long-lasting influences of our French, Spanish and African ancestry. Louisiana is one of the few states that has preserved its past with a living history that can be experienced each and every day. From North to South, we invite you to celebrate culture — Louisiana style.

Greater New Orleans Area: Celebrate Art

A festive spirit infuses every part of the culture here: the food is extraordinary, the music is mesmerizing, and year-round celebrations draw revelers from around the world. Upcoming events of note are New Orleans Wine & Food Experience (May 23 to 27) and Satchmo SummerFest (August 2 to 5), a tribute to the influence of Louis "Satchmo" Armstrong. Femme Femme Femme, a featured exhibition of the New Orleans Museum of Art, is showing through June 3 and the exhibition of the Vatican Mosaic Studio is showing through June 1. Venture outside the city to Lake Pontchartrain's Northshore, the Cultural Center in Slidell, and the Abita Brewery in Abita Springs.

Louisiana's Art District

Created in 1976 with the opening of the Contemporary Arts Center, the Arts District is a culmination of the French Quarter, the Warehouse and Garden Districts and showcases over 25 art galleries. Fine restaurants and world-class museums abound, with the National World War II Museum as one of its many focal points.

Plantation Country: Celebrate Architecture

Many of the beautifully restored mansions in this area are filled with tales of star-crossed lovers, playful ghosts and family fortunes. Outdoors, there are plenty of gardens and natural landscapes to enjoy. Bluebonnet Swamp and Alligator Bayou, both a short drive from Baton Rouge, offer glimpses of cypress bottomland and gators. In Pointe Coupée Parish, anglers convene for fishing tournaments year-round.

Louisiana's Great River Road

Witness the power and influence of the Mississippi River on a drive that runs between New Orleans and Baton Rouge and winds through rural landscapes, historic towns, and some of the Old South's great plantations.

For more information about Louisiana, visit

Cajun Country: Celebrate Noteworthy Music

With its Spanish, French and Creole roots, Acadiana is a vibrant hub of European and African heritage. In Vermilionville, visitors can tour a re-creation of an 18th-century Acadian village. Breaux Bridge is a haven for antiques collectors, while Lake Charles bustles with festivals, among them the Cajun Food and Music Festival (July 21 to 22). The Birding Trail and Atchafalaya National Heritage areas celebrate the stunning wild natural landscape, vibrant diverse cultures, and the riveting history of America's largest river swamp.

Creole Nature Trail All-American Road

On this 180-mile journey through Calcasieu and Cameron parishes—Louisiana's outback—you'll pass three outstanding wildlife refuges (two national and one state). Watch for "cheniers," a unique land formation known to exist in only four locations worldwide.

Crossroads: Celebrate Distinct Culinary Treasures

Louisiana may be known for its pecan and sweet potato pies, but it is beef and pork that fill the Crossroads' favorite pastry. Although Natchitoches' meat pies date to the late 1700s, it took James Lasyone of Lasyone's Meat Pie Restaurant on Second Street in Natchitoches to make it famous. Or, head further south to Alexandria where the new "Que on the Red" barbecue festival every March beckons visitors down the Red River with the sound of sizzling charcoal.

Cane River National Heritage Area

A largely rural, agricultural landscape in Northwest Louisiana, this area is noteworthy for its historic plantations and distinctive Creole architecture. In colonial times, its location placed it at the intersection of French and Spanish regions. Today, it is home to a unique blend of cultures, including French, Spanish, African, Native American and Creole.

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Patricia Clarkson for the Louisiana Department of Culture, Recreation and Tourism

Cultural Directory to Louisiana

GREATER NEW ORLEANS

Audubon Aquarium of the Americas
504-581-4629
auduboninstitute.org

Contemporary Arts Center
504-528-3805
cacno.org

Louisiana State Museum
800-568-6968/504-568-6968
lsm.crt.state.la.us

New Orleans Museum of Art
504-658-4100
noma.org

Tangipahoa African-American Cultural Museum Black Veterans Archive
985-542-4259
africanamericanheritagemuseum.com

PLANTATION COUNTRY

Butler-Greenwood Plantation
225-635-6312
butlergreenwood.com

Felix Poché Plantation
225-562-7728
Pocheplantation.com

Oak Alley Plantation
800-442-5539
OakAlleyPlantation.com

Oakley House/Audubon State Historic Site
225-635-3739
Stfrancisville.us

Rosedown Plantation/State Historic Site
225-635-3332
Stfrancisville.us

San Francisco Plantation
888-509-1756
sanfranciscoplantation.org

CAJUN COUNTRY

Acadiana Center for the Arts
337-233-7060
acadianaartscouncil.org

Acadian Village
337-981-2364
acadianvillage.org

The Opelousas Museum of Art
337-942-4991
auction.lpb.org/oma.htm

Paul and Lulu Hilliard University Art Museum
337-482-2ART
museum.louisiana.edu

CROSSROADS

Alexandria Museum of Art
318-443-3458
themuseum.org

Arna Bontemps African-American Museum
318-473-4692
arnabontempsmuseum.com

Adai Indian Nation Culture
318-472-1007
AdaiIndianNation.com

Coughlin Saunders Performing Arts Center
318-767-2600
LetUsEntertain.com

Red River Chorale
318-473-2552
louisiana-arts.org

Tree House Children's Museum
318-619-9394
kidstreehouse.org

SPORTSMAN'S PARADISE

Biedenharn Museum & Gardens
318-387-5281
bmuseum.org

Dixie Center for the Arts
318-255-1450
dixiecenter.org

Masur Museum of Art
318-329-2237
ci.monroe.la.us/masurmuseum.php

Multicultural Center of the South
318-424-1380
mccofthesouth.org

RW Norton Art Gallery
318-865-4201
rwnaf.org

Stage of Stars and Legends Museum
318-220-9434
stageofstars.com

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THE OBJECT AT HAND

Ink Drawings, 1967

SMITHSONIAN AMERICAN ART MUSEUM

DOODLE DANDY

With a few deft strokes, Saul Steinberg turned institutional letterhead into signature works of whimsy **BY OWEN EDWARDS**

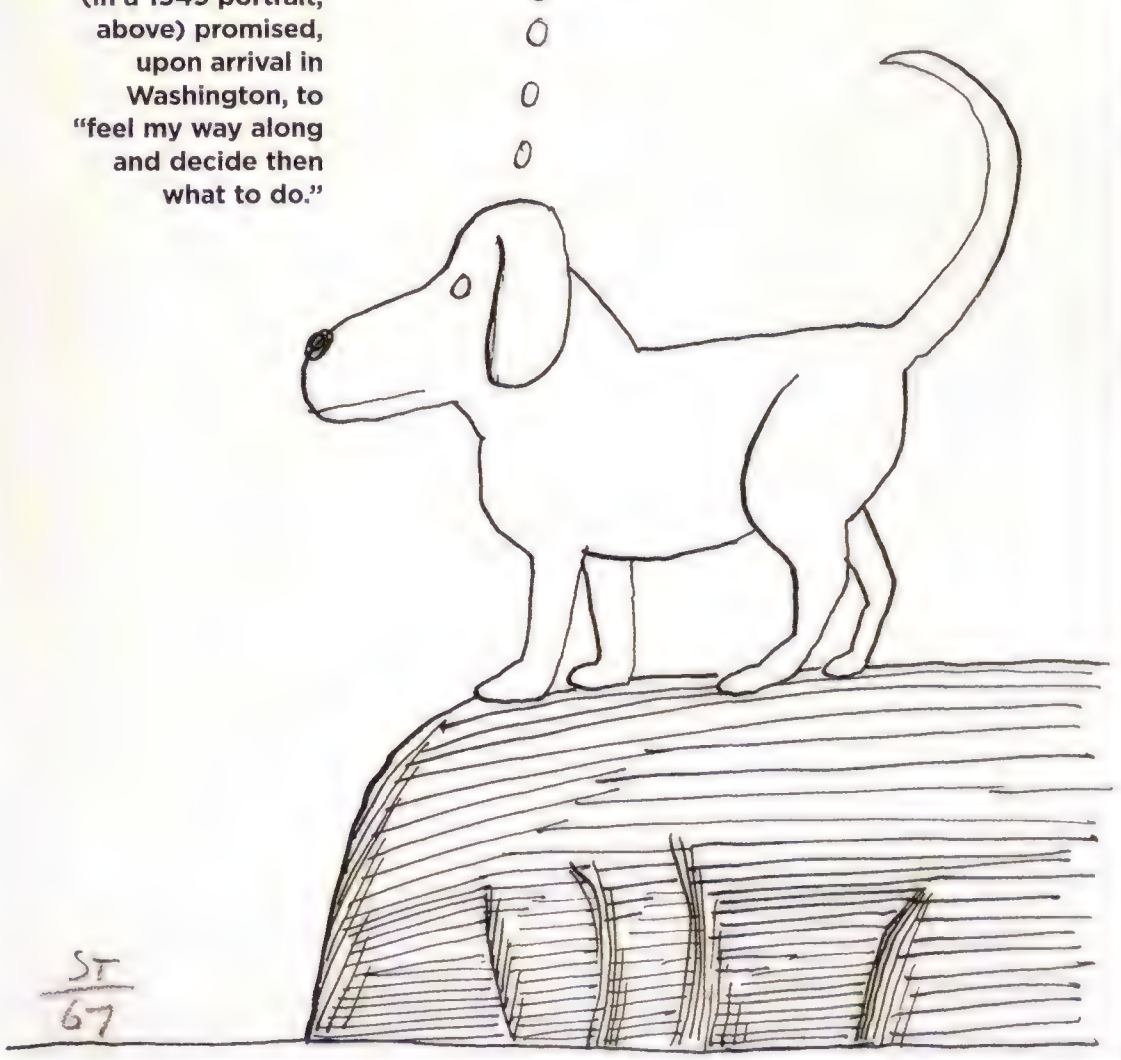
IN 1967, then-Secretary of the Smithsonian S. Dillon Ripley invited Saul Steinberg to serve as the Institution's first and only artist-in-residence. The Romanian-born Steinberg, schooled in philosophy in Bucharest and architecture in Italy, had come to the United States in 1941 and quickly established himself as a graphic artist who merged Cubism, Surrealism and sly humor, particularly in elegant, imaginative drawings and covers for the *New Yorker* magazine. His style was at once simple and antic, serious and slapstick, metaphoric and mischievous.

In 1946, Steinberg was included in the now legendary "Fourteen Americans" show at the Museum of Modern Art, in the company of luminaries including sculptor Isamu Noguchi and painters Arshile Gorky and Robert Motherwell. Fellow graphic artist Milton Glaser says that Steinberg "could see the extraordinary nature of the banal in a way that you almost have to be an outsider to do."

The job description for the post—which included a then-generous stipend of $11,000—was imprecise; even the length of tenure was vague, although Steinberg, in a December 1965 letter to Ripley, spoke of staying "for at least 6 months or perhaps a whole year." In fact, the artist remained in town less than four months, working out of a comfortable rented town house rather than the office provided for him. A January 1967 *Washington Star* headline told the story: "Smithsonian's Steinberg: An Artist Not-in-Residence."

But despite this aloofness and a sincere dislike of Washington—a city Steinberg would later describe in the pages of this magazine as having "ready-made art, bland townhouses of Georgetown, goody-goody churches, a completely American kind of city planning"—the artist delivered fair value for Ripley's largesse.

Steinberg drawings often incorporate found graphics such as official-looking seals and rubber stamps and coin rubbings, so it was pure serendipity that the Smithsonian letterhead at the time included an engraving of the Institution's signature building, the James Renwick-designed structure known to



Saul Steinberg (in a 1949 portrait, above) promised, upon arrival in Washington, to "feel my way along and decide then what to do."

PHOTO: BETTMANN / CORBIS; DRAWING: SAUL STEINBERG / SAAM, SI

For a slideshow of Steinberg's drawings, visit Smithsonian.com.

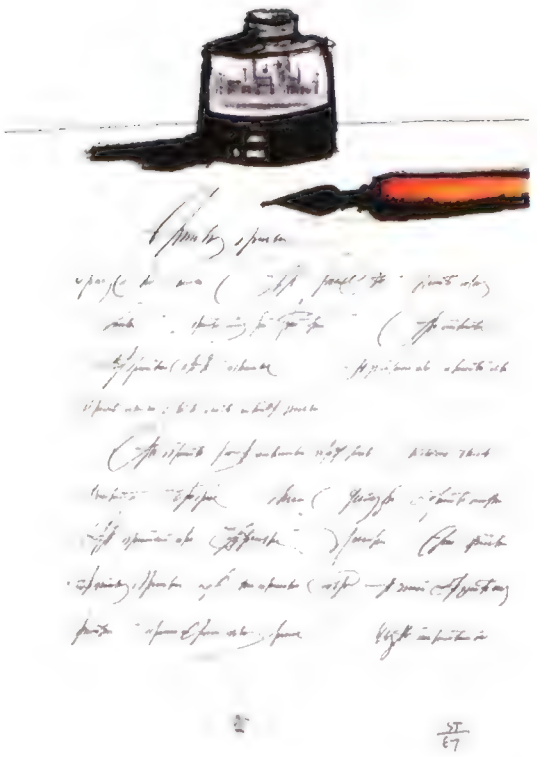
Q&A

Starting this month, prints by **SEAN SCULLY** are exhibited at Smithsonian's American Art Museum. The Irish-born, New York-based artist spoke with the magazine's Courtney Jordan.

YOU'RE A RENOWNED ABSTRACT PAINTER. SO WHAT'S THE APPEAL IN MAKING PRINTS? The prints offer something that the paintings don't. There are things you can do in the print medium that you can't do with watercolor, pastel or line drawings. When I was a boy of 15, I was apprenticed as a printmaker. It is in me. My prints, the way that I make them, is instinctive. I'm not making smaller versions of my paintings. This is not "a look" that imitates "the look" of my paintings. If you are a real committed printmaker, as I am, it is an entirely different activity.

YOUR PRINTS HAVE BEEN CALLED YOUR BEST-KEPT SECRET. I've always tried to do things for myself. What is nice about the prints is that more people can have them. My work is so expensive now—and this is not something I can control. I literally have no control over it. A painting is only now for very rich people, and there's an alarming number in the world. But the prints are still achievable. Let's say a print is $3,000. OK, that is still a lot of money. But some people spend that on alcohol.

DO YOU WISH YOU'D BEEN BORN DURING THE HEYDAY OF ABSTRACT EXPRESSIONISM? The Abstract Expressionists were great artists. In my mind there are six essential Abstract Expressionists—de Kooning, Pollock, Rothko, Newman, Joan Mitchell, Franz Kline. They don't need me to enrich that tradition. What I'm doing is something that can only be done now and that is more interesting than being in the majority. However much I might have a relationship with Abstract Expressionism, no Abstract Expressionists used gray like I've used it. They weren't interested in gray because gray was considered a weakness of position. But gray—nuance—is what is going to save the world. Not black or white.



Simple and antic: Steinberg turned the Castle logo into a label on a bottle of ink.

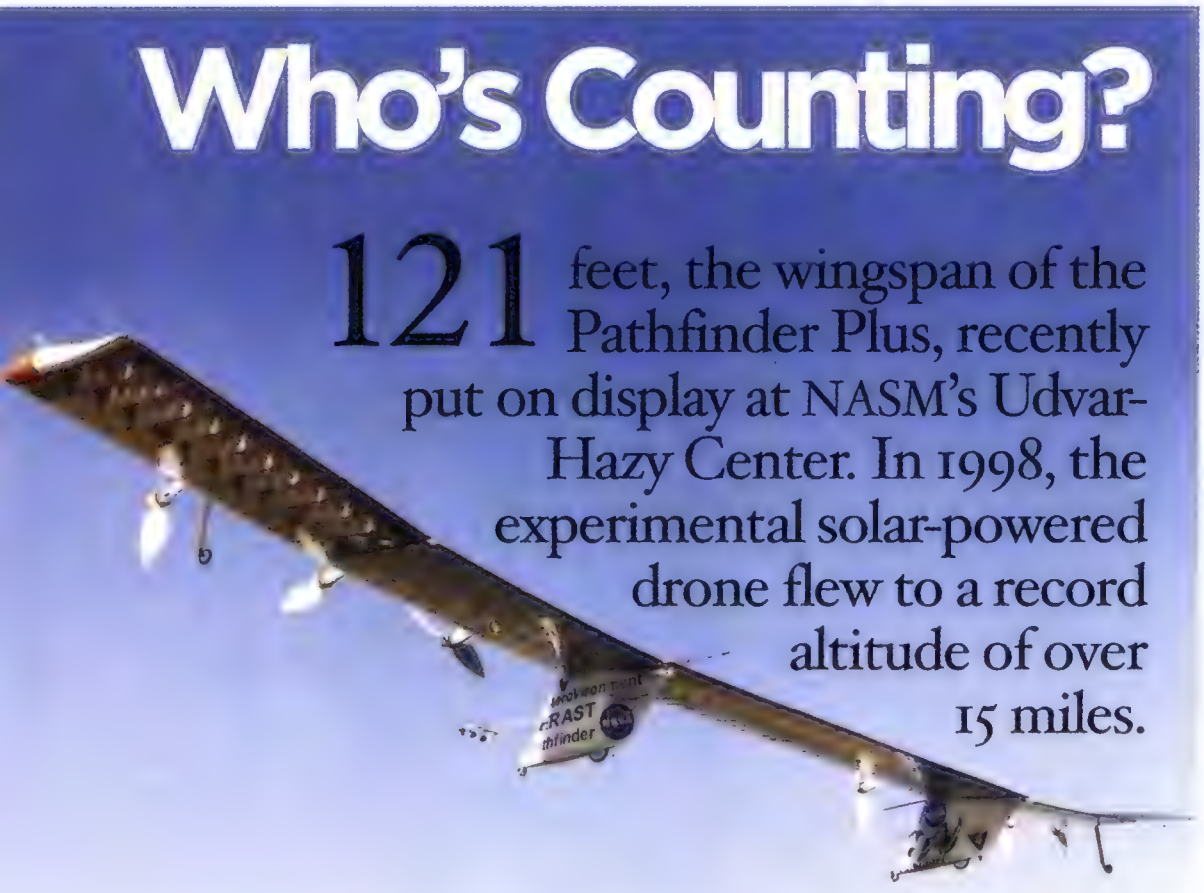
this day as the Castle. Steinberg had predicted that when he got to Washington, he would "feel my way along and decide then what to do." The solution was quickly at hand: the stationery would constitute his sketch pad, and the letterhead would become an integral element of each drawing. By the time the artist headed back home to New York City, he left behind, according to Joann Moser, a senior curator at the Smithsonian American Art Museum (SAAM), a total of 36 drawings, "everything done on that stationery." Of the 36, the Smithsonian owns 29, of which 18 are on view in a traveling exhibition: "Saul Steinberg: Illuminations," organized by Vassar College, at SAAM through June 24.

In an extended riff, Steinberg incorporated the logo into sketches of subjects as various as teapots, a cluttered drafting table, a cliff edge, a cityscape of faceless government buildings, a dinner plate on a table and, as the crowning glory, the dog, dreaming of the Smithsonian Castle, shown here. The drawings represent a unique object lesson in how the imagination of a great artist can invent variations on a theme until . . . well, until he leaves the building.

OWEN EDWARDS *is a freelance writer and author of the book* Elegant Solutions.

STUART CONWAY; DRAWING: SAUL STEINBERG / SAAM, SI; NICK GALANTE / NASA

Who's Counting?



121 feet, the wingspan of the Pathfinder Plus, recently put on display at NASM's Udvar-Hazy Center. In 1998, the experimental solar-powered drone flew to a record altitude of over 15 miles.

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IMPORTANT SAFETY INFORMATION: LUNESTA works quickly, and should be taken right before bed. Be sure you have at least eight hours to devote to sleep before becoming active. Until you know how you'll react to prescription LUNESTA, you should not drive or operate machinery. Do not use alcohol while taking LUNESTA. Most sleep medicines carry some risk of dependency. Side effects may include unpleasant taste, headache, drowsiness and dizziness. See important patient information on the next page.

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Lunesta®

1, 2 AND 3 MG TABLETS

Please read this summary of information about LUNESTA before you talk to your doctor or start using LUNESTA. It is not meant to take the place of your doctor's instructions. If you have any questions about LUNESTA tablets, be sure to ask your doctor or pharmacist.

LUNESTA is used to treat different types of sleep problems, such as difficulty in falling asleep, difficulty in maintaining sleep during the night, and waking up too early in the morning. Most people with insomnia have more than one of these problems. You should take LUNESTA immediately before going to bed because of the risk of falling.

LUNESTA belongs to a group of medicines known as "hypnotics" or, simply, sleep medicines. There are many different sleep medicines available to help people sleep better. Insomnia is often transient and intermittent. It usually requires treatment for only a short time, usually 7 to 10 days up to 2 weeks. If your insomnia does not improve after 7 to 10 days of treatment, see your doctor, because it may be a sign of an underlying condition. Some people have chronic sleep problems that may require more prolonged use of sleep medicine. However, you should not use these medicines for long periods without talking with your doctor about the risks and benefits of prolonged use.

Side Effects

All medicines have side effects. The most common side effects of sleep medicines are:

- Drowsiness
- Dizziness
- Lightheadedness
- Difficulty with coordination

Sleep medicines can make you sleepy during the day. How drowsy you feel depends upon how your body reacts to the medicine, which sleep medicine you are taking, and how large a dose your doctor has prescribed. Daytime drowsiness is best avoided by taking the lowest dose possible that will still help you sleep at night. Your doctor will work with you to find the dose of LUNESTA that is best for you. Some people taking LUNESTA have reported next-day sleepiness.

To manage these side effects while you are taking this medicine:

- When you first start taking LUNESTA or any other sleep medicine, until you know whether the medicine will still have some effect on you the next day, use extreme care while doing anything that requires complete alertness, such as driving a car, operating machinery, or piloting an aircraft.
- Do not drink alcohol when you are taking LUNESTA or any sleep medicine. Alcohol can increase the side effects of LUNESTA or any other sleep medicine.
- Do not take any other medicines without asking your doctor first. This includes medicines you can buy without a prescription. Some medicines can cause drowsiness and are best avoided while taking LUNESTA.
- Always take the exact dose of LUNESTA prescribed by your doctor. Never change your dose without talking to your doctor first.

Special Concerns

There are some special problems that may occur while taking sleep medicines.

Memory Problems

Sleep medicines may cause a special type of memory loss or "amnesia." When this occurs, a person may not remember what has happened for several hours after taking the medicine. This is usually not a problem since most people fall asleep after taking the medicine. Memory loss can be a problem, however, when sleep medicines are taken while traveling, such as during an airplane flight and the person wakes up before the effect of the medicine is gone. This has been called "traveler's amnesia." Memory problems have been reported rarely by patients taking LUNESTA in clinical studies. In most cases, memory problems can be avoided if you take LUNESTA only when you are able to get a full night of sleep before you need to be active again. Be sure to talk to your doctor if you think you are having memory problems.

Tolerance

When sleep medicines are used every night for more than a few weeks, they may lose their effectiveness in helping you sleep. This is known as "tolerance." Development of tolerance to LUNESTA was not observed in a clinical study of 6 months' duration. Insomnia is often transient and intermittent, and prolonged use of sleep medicines is generally not necessary. Some people, though, have chronic sleep problems that may require more prolonged use of sleep medicine. If your sleep problems continue, consult your doctor, who will determine whether other measures are needed to overcome your sleep problems.

Dependence

Sleep medicines can cause dependence in some people, especially when these medicines are used regularly for longer than a few weeks or at high doses. Dependence is the need to continue taking a medicine because stopping it is unpleasant.

When people develop dependence, stopping the medicine suddenly may cause unpleasant symptoms (see *Withdrawal* below). They may find they have to keep taking the medicine either at the prescribed dose or at increasing doses just to avoid withdrawal symptoms.

All people taking sleep medicines have some risk of becoming dependent on the medicine. However, people who have been dependent on alcohol or other drugs in the past may have a higher chance of becoming addicted to sleep medicines. This possibility must be considered before using these medicines for more than a few weeks. If you have been addicted to alcohol or drugs in the past, it is important to tell your doctor before starting LUNESTA or any sleep medicine.

Withdrawal

Withdrawal symptoms may occur when sleep medicines are stopped suddenly after being used daily for a long time. In some cases, these symptoms can occur even if the medicine has been used for only a week or two. In mild cases, withdrawal symptoms may include unpleasant feelings. In more severe cases, abdominal and muscle cramps, vomiting, sweating, shakiness, and, rarely, seizures may occur. These more severe withdrawal symptoms are very uncommon. Although withdrawal symptoms have not been observed in the relatively limited controlled trials experience with LUNESTA, there is, nevertheless, the risk of such events in association with the use of any sleep medicine.

Another problem that may occur when sleep medicines are stopped is known as "rebound insomnia." This means that a person may have more trouble sleeping the first few nights after the medicine is stopped than before starting the medicine. If you should experience rebound insomnia, do not get discouraged. This problem usually goes away on its own after 1 or 2 nights.

If you have been taking LUNESTA or any other sleep medicine for more than 1 or 2 weeks, do not stop taking it on your own. Always follow your doctor's directions.

Changes In Behavior And Thinking

Some people using sleep medicines have experienced unusual changes in their thinking and/or behavior. These effects are not common. However, they have included:

- More outgoing or aggressive behavior than normal
- Confusion
- Strange behavior
- Agitation
- Hallucinations
- Worsening of depression
- Suicidal thoughts

How often these effects occur depends on several factors, such as a person's general health, the use of other medicines, and which sleep medicine is being used. Clinical experience with LUNESTA suggests that it is rarely associated with these behavior changes.

It is also important to realize it is rarely clear whether these behavior changes are caused by the medicine, are caused by an illness, or have occurred on their own. In fact, sleep problems that do not improve may be due to illnesses that were present before the medicine was used. If you or your family notice any changes in your behavior, or if you have any unusual or disturbing thoughts, call your doctor immediately.

Pregnancy And Breastfeeding

Sleep medicines may cause sedation or other potential effects in the unborn baby when used during the last weeks of pregnancy. Be sure to tell your doctor if you are pregnant, if you are planning to become pregnant, or if you become pregnant while taking LUNESTA.

In addition, a very small amount of LUNESTA may be present in breast milk after use of the medication. The effects of very small amounts of LUNESTA on an infant are not known; therefore, as with all other prescription sleep medicines, it is recommended that you not take LUNESTA if you are breast-feeding a baby.

Safe Use Of Sleep Medicines

To ensure the safe and effective use of LUNESTA or any other sleep medicine, you should observe the following cautions:

1. LUNESTA is a prescription medicine and should be used ONLY as directed by your doctor. Follow your doctor's instructions about how to take, when to take, and how long to take LUNESTA.
2. Never use LUNESTA or any other sleep medicine for longer than directed by your doctor.
3. If you notice any unusual and/or disturbing thoughts or behavior during treatment with LUNESTA or any other sleep medicine, contact your doctor.
4. Tell your doctor about any medicines you may be taking, including medicines you may buy without a prescription and herbal preparations. You should also tell your doctor if you drink alcohol. DO NOT use alcohol while taking LUNESTA or any other sleep medicine.
5. Do not take LUNESTA unless you are able to get 8 or more hours of sleep before you must be active again.
6. Do not increase the prescribed dose of LUNESTA or any other sleep medicine unless instructed by your doctor.
7. When you first start taking LUNESTA or any other sleep medicine, until you know whether the medicine will still have some effect on you the next day, use extreme care while doing anything that requires complete alertness, such as driving a car, operating machinery, or piloting an aircraft.
8. Be aware that you may have more sleeping problems the first night or two after stopping any sleep medicine.
9. Be sure to tell your doctor if you are pregnant, if you are planning to become pregnant, if you become pregnant, or if you are breastfeeding a baby while taking LUNESTA.
10. As with all prescription medicines, never share LUNESTA or any other sleep medicine with anyone else. Always store LUNESTA or any other sleep medicine in the original container and out of reach of children.
11. Be sure to tell your doctor if you suffer from depression.
12. LUNESTA works very quickly. You should only take LUNESTA immediately before going to bed.
13. For LUNESTA to work best, you should not take it with or immediately after a high-fat, heavy meal.
14. Some people, such as older adults (i.e., ages 65 and over) and people with liver disease, should start with the lower dose (1 mg) of LUNESTA. Your doctor may choose to start therapy at 2 mg. In general, adults under age 65 should be treated with 2 or 3 mg.
15. Each tablet is a single dose; do not crush or break the tablet.

Note: This summary provides important information about LUNESTA. If you would like more information, ask your doctor or pharmacist to let you read the Prescribing Information and then discuss it with him or her.

Rx only

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What's Up

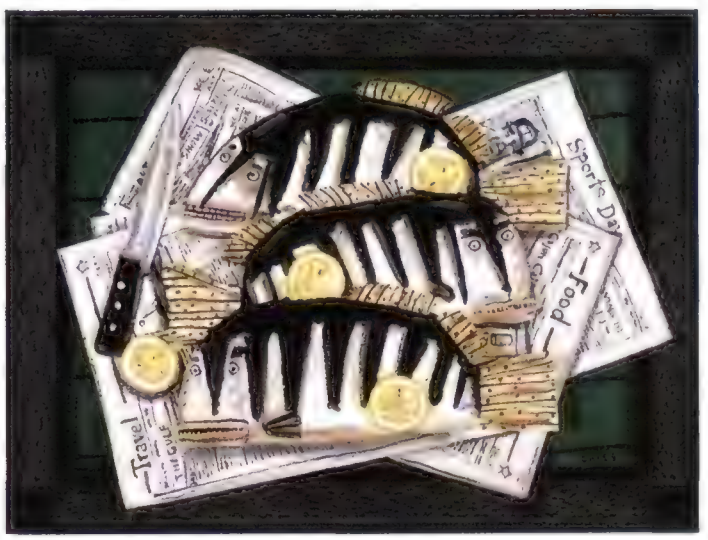
INTERIOR MOTIVE Artists Virgil Marti and Pae White have adorned the Hirshhorn's minimalist lobby with foam couches draped in wool tapestry "newspapers," curtains strung from gilded plastic bones and windows cocooned in tape. Experience the "immersive environment" by July 29.

DOING JUSTICE

After stepping down from the Supreme Court this past October, Sandra Day O'Connor spent six hours sitting for a group of New York portraitists. The resulting 25 likenesses (Daniel Bennett Schwartz's oil) are on view at the Portrait Gallery through October 8.

JUST DAO IT

The Dao, or "Way," leads to immortality, but Daoist scripture also tells followers it "is hidden and has no name." The Freer Gallery contemplates the 2,000-year-old mystery with Chinese paintings, scrolls and ritual objects (a bronze mirror, c. A.D. 750 to 1279) until June 10.



NEW AMERICANS

"My family is happy and proud to live in America," says Maritza Ortiz, 13, whose parents emigrated from El Salvador. Fifty-nine first-generation U.S. teens appear in photos by Barbara Beirne. The Smithsonian traveling exhibition is on view at the Ellis Island Immigration Museum through June 3.

SEE 'EM NOW

David Bates' ode to Gulf Coast seafood (*Sheepsheads and Lemons*, 1986) appears at the American Art Museum until July 29. The Dallas-based artist's wood-and-metal study is one of 75 rarely seen works, along with paintings by Mary Cassatt and Winslow Homer, lent by private collectors.

{ BY AMY CRAWFORD }

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Visit Smithsonian.com for a complete list of events and exhibitions.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP RIGHT LEE STALSWORTH HIRSHHORN MUSEUM. SI; DANIEL B. SCHWARTZ / THE PAINTING GROUP. NYC / NPG. SI; DAVID BATES / COLLECTION OF NAN TUCKER MCEVOY / SAAM. SI; BARBARA BEIRNE / SITES. SI; FREER GALLERY OF ART. SI

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CHICAGO: ARCHITECTURE FOR THE NEW MILLENNIUM September 12-16, 2007
Experience the cutting-edge architecture of Chicago from the Prairie School to dramatic contemporary designs, including important works by Frank Lloyd Wright, Mies van der Rohe, Frank Gehry, and Rem Koolhaas. $1,995

PATAGONIA: CROWN JEWEL OF SOUTH AMERICA October 14-27, 2007
Explore the natural wonders of Patagonia on this unique journey, framed by stays in Buenos Aires and Santiago. Aboard the *Mare Australis*, cruise through a labyrinth of channels, fjords, waterfalls, and glaciers, then travel inland for a remarkable stay amid the mythic peaks and sweeping pampas of Torres del Paine National Park. $7,690

IN THE WAKE OF MOORS AND MARINERS October 27-November 9, 2007
Embark the legendary *Sea Cloud* to trace the routes of Moors and mariners from Spain to Morocco. Visit the famous Alhambra in Granada, marvel at the impressive Mosque of Hassan II in Casablanca, and stroll through the colorful markets of Marrakech. From $8,990

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INTERVIEW

DANIEL GILBERT

PSYCHOLOGIST, CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

What will make you happy? A social scientist explains why it's so hard to predict

BY ERIC JAFFE

In *Stumbling on Happiness*, just released in paperback, the Harvard psychologist explores why we human beings are poor "affective forecasters," or predictors of future emotion.

LET'S DO A TEST: HOW DO YOU THINK YOU'LL FEEL AT THE END OF THIS INTERVIEW? Approximately the way I feel now. That's almost always a good guess about how you're going to feel in the future. Most events have a small impact that doesn't last very long. More than one person who's gotten married or moved to California to change their happiness has found that it stays about where it is. My research has made me care much less about which of my possible futures I end up in. When I went to buy a house, I was much less concerned about which house to buy, because I knew from the data that whichever one I bought, I would probably be happy with it, and would quickly become convinced that I bought the only good house on the market.

SO, I'D GUESS NEGATIVE EVENTS DON'T AFFECT US AS MUCH AS WE THINK THEY DO. Human resilience is really quite astonishing. People are not the fragile flowers that a century of psychologists have made us out to be. People who suffer real tragedy and trauma typically recover more quickly than they expect to and often return to their original level of happiness, or something close to it. That's the good news—we are a hardy species, even though we don't know this about ourselves. The bad news is that the good things that happen to us don't feel as good or last as long as we think they will. So all that wonderful stuff we're aiming for—winning the lottery, getting promoted, whatever we think will change our lives—probably won't do it after all. We're resilient in both directions. We rebound from distress but we also rebound from joy.

BUT PEOPLE DO KNOW WHAT WILL MAKE THEM HAPPY, DON'T THEY? If you ask people whether they would rather have gallbladder surgery or a weekend in Paris, they get the answer right. What they're wrong about is knowing just how bad or how good these events will be, and how long those feelings will last.

CAN THIS BEHAVIOR BE CHANGED? Affective forecasting errors are very hard to avoid, and nobody has come up with a magic pill or a special mantra that can turn you from a bad to a good forecaster. But there's another way to get a sense of how you would feel in some future circumstance: other people's experience. For example, lots of people have won the lottery and put their happiness, or lack thereof, on public display. Rather than closing your eyes and imagining how wonderful it would be to win the lotto, you could find out how past winners actually feel. But we tend not to do that. Why? Because we all believe that we're unique and that other people's experiences are a poor guide to our own. But it turns out we're not nearly as unique as we think—at least when it comes to emotional responses to events. Which is why everybody likes a wedding more than a funeral, or chocolate more than gum surgery.

WELL, WE'VE COME TO THE END OF THE INTERVIEW. HOW ARE YOU FEELING? About the same as I did before. Then again, maybe I'm just telling myself that so I can believe that, for once in my life, I made an accurate affective forecast.

For more of the interview with Daniel Gilbert, go to Smithsonian.com.

DestinationAmerica

Beyond Jamestown

After the colony was founded, 400 years ago this month, Capt. John Smith set out to explore the riches of Chesapeake Bay. With Smith's journals to guide him, a modern-day sailor retraces that historic voyage

BY TERENCE SMITH **PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD OLSENIUS**

The British colonists who settled a bit of land they soon named Jamestown (depicted in a 19th-century engraving) gave England its first enduring encampment in the New World—and, not incidentally, began our national narrative.

IT WAS A CHAMPAGNE DAY on the James River: blue sky, puffy white clouds, sun sparkling on fast-moving water. With Jamestown slipping behind us, we headed downstream in the wake of Capt. John Smith, the first Englishman to explore the broad waters and many rivers of the Chesapeake Bay.

Captain Smith—no relative, I'm sad to say—was among that original band of dreamers and schemers who came ashore on the banks of the James 400 years ago, in May 1607. The settlement they established at Jamestown gave the English their first enduring toehold in the New World and wrote the opening chapter of our national narrative. The 400th anniversary of that event will be celebrated May 11 to 13 as America's Anniversary Weekend, and with an expected visit this month by Queen Elizabeth II of England.

But once Jamestown had survived its first winter and was more or less stabilized, Smith, then 28, set out again, on June 2, 1608, with a crew of 14 men. They were entering the continent's largest estuary—some 195 miles long, about 35 miles at its widest, 174 feet at its deepest, draining a watershed of about 64,000 square miles spread over what is now six states. The bay's shoreline is an astonishing 11,000 miles long because of all the nooks and crannies created by the 19 major rivers and 400 creeks and tributaries that flow into it.

Smith knew none of this, of course; he was leaping into uncharted waters.

He had a mission. He and the other colonists were under instructions from their sponsors, the Virginia Company of London, to find gold and silver, as the Spanish had done in Mexico and Central America. More important, they were to find the fabled Northwest Passage, a navigable route across the American continent that 17th-century Europeans fervently believed would provide a shorter path to the riches of the Orient.

In three months of extraordinary exploration, Smith covered some 1,700 miles; met, traded and fought with Native tribes; put down a near mutiny; ordered his own grave dug; compiled a detailed journal; and drew a map of the bay so accurate that it guided settlement of the area for the next 50 or more years. To commemorate Smith's achievements, Congress last December established the Captain John Smith Chesapeake National Historic Trail, the first such pathway on water.

A replica of the stockade that protected Jamestown fronts the James River, where Capt. John Smith (bottom, left) set out to explore the Chesapeake. His mission, not to be fulfilled, was to find gold, silver and the fabled Northwest Passage across the continent.

Through his travels, Smith discovered that while the Chesapeake might not contain gold or silver, its wealth could be measured in other ways. Over the next three centuries, its legendary stocks of oysters, blue crabs and rockfish would feed and delight a growing nation; as late as the mid-20th century, the bard of Baltimore, H. L. Mencken, celebrated the bay as "an immense protein factory."

Last summer and fall, I re-created major segments of Smith's voyages, traveling in a 48-foot trawler, my own 40-foot sailboat or, in shallow waters, a 17-foot Boston whaler piloted by John Page Williams, the senior naturalist for the Chesapeake Bay Foundation. My notion was to contrast the wild and magnificent bay that John Smith discovered with the less wild, but frequently magnificent bay of today.

Few people know the bay as well as Williams, who has explored it as boy and man for more than 50 years. "If you compare it to John Smith's day, it is very much a compro-

BOTTOM: GRANGER COLLECTION; PP. 48-49 GRANGER COLLECTION

mised ecosystem," he says. "For four centuries, we have forced the bay to adapt to us and our lifestyle, with predictable consequences."

Of course, when Smith arrived, there were only 50,000 to 100,000 people—all of them Native Americans—living along the bay's shores. Today, the population of the watershed is more than 16 million, and according to the U.S. Census Bureau, 170,000 new residents move in every year. Four hundred years ago, there were 1.6 people per square mile; today, there are 250, a 15,000 percent increase.

Most of the bay's current problems stem from that growth. Its waters are clouded with storm runoff, sediment and waste; its stocks of fish and shellfish have been depleted. Last year, scientists declared some 35 percent of the bay proper a "dead zone," with too little oxygen to support life.

In retracing much of Smith's route, I was not surprised to find places where the hand of man lay heavy on the landscape and the industrial roar never stopped. But I also found extraordinarily beautiful places that look today much as they must have when he first saw them.

HEADING DOWN THE JAMES with the current behind us, *Solveig III*, the elegant trawler owned by my friends John and Barbara Holum, was making good time. Refugees from the Democratic political wars, the Holums now live aboard their boat. As for me, I have sailed and lived on the Chesapeake for 30 years and must confess that, for all its problems, I am as besotted with it today as when I first saw it.

Standing on the foredeck, I could not imagine what John Smith would have made of the view. Mansions now

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stand along the James' hilly northern bank, and a ghostly fleet of mothballed Navy ships is moored mid-river. Huge aircraft carriers dock at the Norfolk Naval Base. Giant cranes loom like pterodactyls over the humming shipyards of Newport News.

In his day, Smith saw "a very goodly Bay . . . that may have the prerogative over the most pleasant places of Europe, Asia, Africa or America for large and pleasant navigable rivers," he wrote in *A Map of Virginia*, published in London in 1612. "Heaven and earth have never agreed better to frame a place for man's habitation."

Leaving the James, as Smith did, we crossed the bay's 18-mile-wide mouth to Virginia's lower Eastern Shore. With the Atlantic just to the east, the waves and breeze picked up sharply and we could smell the ocean. We were traveling in significantly greater comfort than Captain Jack, as we took to calling him.

He and his men explored in an ungainly 30-foot boat called a shallop. It had been built in England and shipped across the Atlantic in two sections in the hold of a larger ship. It was strong and heavy (a replica built for the 400th anniversary celebration weighs 5,000 pounds), powered by ten-foot oars or two sails, and steered by a big wooden rudder—in short, a clunker of the first order.

At 30 feet long and about 8 feet wide and entirely open to the weather, the shallop provided close quarters for 15 men who frequently slept aboard, lest they be attacked ashore. What's more, the captain and his quarrelsome crew often wore English woolens and armor as they rowed and sailed under the broiling Chesapeake sun. Many Englishmen of the time bathed once a year or so, believing it to be unhealthy. I suspect the Natives, who bathed daily, could smell them coming.

Captain Jack's first stop, and ours, was Cape Charles, where, he noted, "The first people we saw were two grim and stout savages . . . with long poles like javelins headed with bone. They boldly demanded what we were and what we would." The pair were apparently friendly Accomack Indians, and from them Smith learned that the cape was the tip of a peninsula, not the mainland, so he headed north up the bay in pursuit of his goals. As did we.

"Heaven and earth have never agreed better to frame a place for man's habitation," Smith wrote about the Chesapeake Bay. With a shoreline some 11,000 miles long, the estuary drains a watershed that spreads over what is now six states. The map that Smith published in 1612 (left) was the first to go into general circulation in London. It guided settlement of the area for 50 or more years.

And just like Smith, we encountered a line of strong storms, with 30-knot winds and four- to five-foot seas. *Solveig III* handled the weather easily, but Captain Jack and his crew nearly foundered.

"The wind and waters so much increased with thunder, lightning and rain that our foremast and sail blew overboard," he wrote. "Such mighty waves over-racked us in that small barge, with great labor we kept her from sinking." In other words, they bailed like crazy, probably with their hats.

"Two days we were forced to inhabit these uninhabited Isles, which for the extremity of gusts, thunder, rain, storms and ill weather we called 'Limbo,'" he wrote. But then the storms passed. The crew's tailor cut up their shirts to mend the boat's torn sails, and they resumed their journey, heading up the nearest large river.

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The wetlands on the Nanticoke River look much as they did in John Smith's day. The Indians he met there "were not sparing of their arrows," he reported, but they eventually made peace and traded with the newcomers.

FOLLOWING JOHN SMITH'S ROUTE, we had a smooth run up the meandering Nanticoke River, admiring the eagles gliding above and the rich marshes on either side. But again, it was not so for Smith and his crew. They were met by a hail of arrows from the Nanticoke Indians. "The people ran as amazed in troops from place to place and [some] got into the tops of trees," Smith wrote. "They were not sparing of their arrows nor the greatest passion they could express of their anger."

Smith and company anchored in mid-river, out of arrow range, for the night. The next day, the Nanticoke "came unarmed," Smith noted, and started "dancing in a ring to draw us on shore." But the Englishmen, "seeing there was nothing in them but villainy," scattered them with musket fire.

After this first hostile encounter, the Nanticoke eventually made peace with the strangers and welcomed them by trading fresh water and food for trinkets.

Today, Sewell Fitzhugh is not sure that was such a good idea. "We should have burned the boat and killed them all," he says, mildly.

Fitzhugh is chief of the Nause-Waiwash tribe, which combines the remnants of the Nanticoke and three other tribes that are still struggling for official recognition as Native Americans from the state of Maryland. The tribe will help celebrate Jamestown's 400th anniversary and Smith's voyages this year and next, but Fitzhugh says it will do so only to make a point: "John Smith did not bring civilization here. There was already civilization here."

The Nanticoke story is all too painfully familiar. When John Smith arrived, the Nanticoke could put 5,000 warriors in the field; today there are a mere 300 registered tribal members in the area. As English settlers moved in, they pushed the Natives downriver into the marshes and all but wiped them out. "This land was our land; it was taken from us illegally," Fitzhugh tells me after we dock in Vienna, Mary-

land, 20 miles up the Nanticoke. "We are Maryland's forgotten people, and we are becoming strangers in our own land."

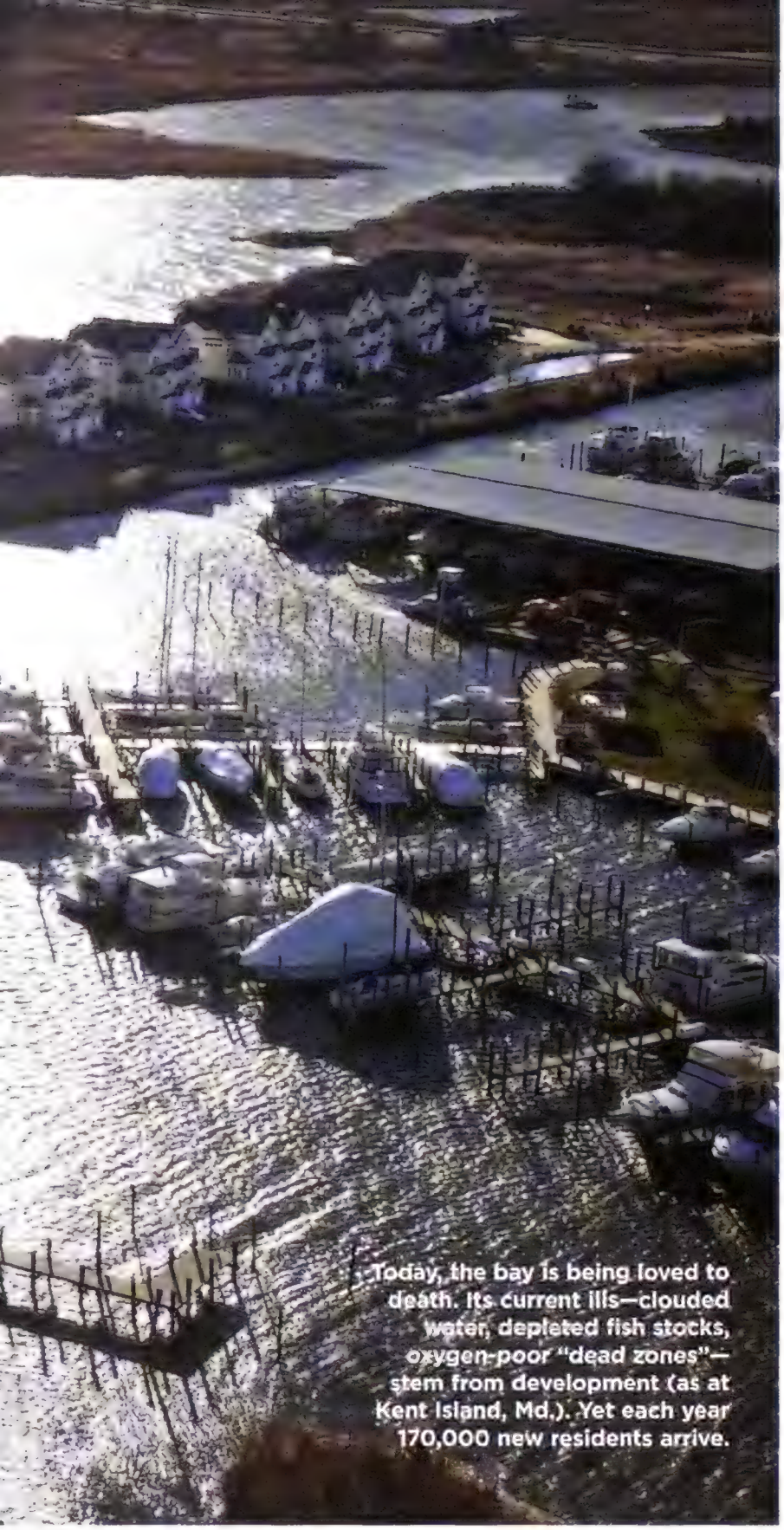
At Vienna, a pretty little town of 300 souls, we were joined by John Page Williams, who carried his whaler on a trailer and introduced us to the mayor, Russ Brinsfield, another passionate advocate for the bay who is also a farmer and an agronomist at the University of Maryland.

In a patchy drizzle, we motored up the Nanticoke and across the Delaware state line to Broad Creek, which is marked on Smith's map as the apogee of his Nanticoke exploration. It's one of many sites where his journal says he planted a brass cross to claim the land for King James. But not one of the crosses has ever been found, or at least acknowledged. Historians suspect that the Indians promptly melted them down and put the metal to other uses.

Brinsfield is campaigning for a single idea—that farmers and environmentalists need not be at cross-purposes. Agricultural runoff contributes about 40 percent of the nitrogen and phosphorus that pollute the bay; he is working with farmers to limit that runoff by planting winter cover crops and creating buffer strips between their fields and the water. Tests show that the river's water quality is improving as a result, but he remains skeptical about the bay's future.

"I worry about the marginal progress we are making in agriculture being offset by the pressure of human development," he says. "Frankly, we'll be lucky to maintain the status quo against development for the next 20 years." Vienna is already feeling the pressure: its master plan assumes that the current population will triple over the next decade.

Captain Jack did not stay long on the river. While feasting with the now-friendly Nanticoke, he heard that tribes on the bay's Western Shore could describe the territory to the west and any Northwest Passage out of the bay. Soon, Smith set off down the Nanticoke and across the bay. We did the same,



Today, the bay is being loved to death. Its current ills—clouded water, depleted fish stocks, oxygen-poor "dead zones"—stem from development (as at Kent Island, Md.). Yet each year 170,000 new residents arrive.

crossing through what is today Hooper Strait.

"So broad is the Bay here," Smith wrote, "we could scarce perceive the great high cliffs on the other side." Suddenly, as the morning mist cleared, we experienced one of those electric moments when his journal came alive. What he saw, we saw: the Calvert Cliffs, just north of the mouth of the Patuxent River, gleaming on the horizon.

They dominate the landscape, and from a distance, they must have looked promising to Smith. This, surely, was the route to gold and silver and the Orient.

IT WAS NOTHING of the sort, of course, as Smith would learn. But for us, there was another reward: the insight of scientists at the Chesapeake Biological Laboratory. It is an arm of the University of Maryland's Center for Environmental Science, a leading research institution on the bay. At the CBL campus on Solomon's Island, I ask Walter Boynton, a senior scientist who has studied the bay for three decades, what Captain Jack would have seen beneath his shallop as he explored the Chesapeake.

"Really clear water," Boynton says. "He could see the bottom at 30 feet. Today, we can only see a few feet down. Smith would have found scores of different kinds of fish, oysters and clams, maybe 13 or 14 species of sea grass. The rivers would have been deeper, able to take transatlantic shipping up to the fall line."

Ed Houde, a fishery expert at CBL, says Smith would have encountered "huge amounts of oysters—100 times or more than what we have today, and more rockfish and larger fish. Remember, as late as the 1890s, watermen were harvesting at least 15 million bushels of oysters a year, compared with maybe 100,000 today. . . . There could have been billions of oysters on the bottom. The reefs were so tall that they could break the surface at low tide."

Despite the bay's natural bounty, Smith's crew was wearing out as the men continued their journey up the bay's Western Shore. Barely two weeks out of Jamestown, they had survived repeated thunderstorms, fought off assaults from Indians and seen their fresh water run low. Nearly mutinous, they now begged Smith to return to Jamestown.

Instead, he delivered a pep talk: "As for your fears that I will lose myself in these unknown large waters, or be swallowed up in some stormy gust," he told his men, "abandon these childish fears, for worse than is passed is not likely to happen and there is as much danger to return as to proceed."

Brave talk, but after another storm, and with some of his men too weak to go on, Smith agreed to turn back on June 16. They sailed south to the mouth of the Potomac, but by then they had "regained their . . . old spirits," as their captain had exhorted them to do, so they turned up that river. Some 60 miles later they reached the Indian settlement of Patawomeck, where the chief provided guides to lead them to a mine at the head of today's Aquia Creek. Here, they had heard from the Patawomeck, the Indians scraped a silvery dust from the rocks.

On a sunny September morning, Williams and I skimmed up the creek in his whaler, past beautiful houses, under an Amtrak bridge and, slowing to observe the six-mile-per-hour speed limit, past the little community of Aquia Harbor to a point where the creek trails off in a field of yellow waterlily pads, some 11 miles up from the Potomac. It was beautiful, but hardly as Smith experienced it. Route 1 traffic roared to the west, a helicopter thudded overhead en route to the Quantico Marine Corps Base and an airliner descended on Reagan National Airport across the river from Washington, D.C.

{ TEXT CONTINUES INSIDE GATEFOLD }

PHOTOGRAPH BY LINDA DAVIDSON—THE WASHINGTON POST

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Smith and his guides marched farther west, toward the Piedmont, and found the mine, but again Smith was disappointed. What the Indians extracted was probably antimony—silvery, to be sure, but not silver. It was a powder they used to dust their bodies during ceremonies. Smith gathered several bags full and had it assayed later, but noted that "all we got proved of no value." Once more, the Virginia Company shareholders back in London would come up empty-handed.

BUT IT WAS DAWNING ON SMITH that if the Chesapeake might not proffer precious metals, it was still stunningly rich. Its shores abounded with timber that deforested England needed desperately to build houses and ships; its wildlife inspired visions of limitless supplies of fur and food. "Neither better fish, nor more plenty, nor more variety for small fish had any of us seen in any place," he wrote. (Lacking nets, he and his crew tried catching them with a skillet, to little avail.)

Smith did not even consider the crop that would ultimately enrich the early settlers of the Chesapeake: tobacco. The gentry in London were just getting hooked on the stuff they were importing from Spanish colonies.

Heading south again toward Jamestown, Smith's boat ran aground off the mouth of the Rappahannock River, at present-day Deltaville, Virginia. While waiting for the tide to turn, Captain Jack used his sword to spear a stingray—which promptly stung him on the arm. It was here that Smith, in torment and with one side of his body swollen, told his men to prepare his grave. From this episode, the tip of Deltaville received the name it still bears, Stingray Point.

Today, it's a cluster of cottages around a small beach at the tip of a peninsula. Strolling on the sand last June,

The living is easy in Deltaville, Virginia (summer visitor Jeremy Michael, crab net in hand). But it is also the place where John Smith ordered his men to dig his grave after a stingray he speared pierced his arm.

I met a plus-size woman in a bikini smoking a cigarette next to a cooler of beer. When I asked if she thought this was the spot where Capt. John Smith ran aground in 1608, she took a drag and said, "Honey, I really couldn't say. I wasn't here at the time."

Deltaville is a funky little town (unofficial motto: "We're here because we're not all there") and home of the Deltaville Maritime Museum, a small jewel devoted to the place's rich boat-building history. Volunteers built their own replica of Smith's shallop here last year, and it will participate with two others in Jamestown anniversary commemorative ceremonies in July.

"John Smith's landing here was probably the most famous event in Deltaville's history," Raynell Smith, the museum president, said with a smile. "He was our first unhappy tourist."

But Captain Jack's misery did not last long. The physician in his crew applied an oil to the wound, and by evening, the crew's journal notes, the captain's "tormenting pain was so well assuaged" that he ate the stingray for dinner.

By July 21, Smith's boat was back in the relative comfort of Jamestown, being restocked. Three days later, on July 24, Smith and a dozen men, eight of them veterans of the first voyage, set off on a second. This time, they sailed all the way to the head of the bay, near present-day Havre de Grace, Maryland, in pursuit of the Northwest Passage.

SOLVEIG III did the same on a hazy, humid July day. In those conditions, it was easy to understand why the explorers first believed that the bay divided into "two heads," or rivers, referring to the Susquehanna on the west and the Sassafras on the east. It's only when you get closer that you can see the tall cliffs of Turkey Point and the Elk and Northeast rivers opening between the other two.

The huge Susquehanna flows south through New York and Pennsylvania and provides 50 percent of the fresh water that flows into the bay above the Potomac. But Smith noted: ". . . we could not get two days up it with our boat for rocks."

Those rocks, known today as Smith's Falls, made it instantly clear that navigation to the west was impossible. The Susquehannock Indians confirmed this to Smith and his men. The Indians did say there was a "great water beyond the mountains," probably referring to what is now the Ohio River or perhaps Lake Erie, but the crew took this to be "some great lake or river of Canada," not the Pacific or a route to the Orient.

This is where the dream of the Northwest Passage ended, as far as John Smith and the Chesapeake were concerned. No doubt he was disappointed, as his backers in London would be, but he would still leave his imprint on the bay's shores.

The map of the Chesapeake that Smith published in 1612 was the first to get into general circulation in London. It became the document that Stuart kings used to distribute land grants over the subsequent decades. The next generation of colonialists used it to lay out their future settlements. In essence, John Smith was the cartographer of the new nation.

CAPTAIN JACK'S EXCELLENT ADVENTURE was coming to a close. On his way down the bay, he explored two major rivers on the Western Shore, the Patuxent and the Rappahannock. And in the middle reaches of the Rappahannock, he got a lesson in Native military tactics.

As Smith navigated a narrow portion where the river turns to the left, a band of Rappahannock Indians let fly with a volley of arrows from the wooded cliffs on the right. Smith steered quickly to port toward a low marsh—until more Rappahannock sprang up from the reeds and shot at the boat from that side. The Englishmen pinned the Indians down with musket fire and continued upriver, but, Smith noted, "when we were near half a mile from them,

they showed themselves dancing and singing very merrily." The Rappahannock, it seems, were not above a little taunting.

Williams and I retraced this route in his whaler with Edward Wright Haile, a leading authority on Jamestown and Colonial American history who lives on a small creek off the Rappahannock. Williams beached the boat on the starboard shore, and Haile and I climbed the cliffs to where he believes the Rappahannock fired their first volley. At 150 feet, atop the cliffs but hidden in the woods, they had a terrific angle of attack. The river was at our feet, the marsh just beyond, and the view to the west was unbroken for 30 or 40 miles.

"They were obviously very good military strategists, even if their weapons had limits," Haile said. Then, gesturing out over the river and marsh toward the Piedmont to the west, he added: "All of this looks today largely as it did then."

Back in the whaler, we continued upriver toward Fredericksburg, Virginia. It was drop-dead gorgeous on this September day. More than a dozen bald eagles soared above the steep, forested right bank, ospreys dived for fish in the river and great blue herons and egrets stepped delicately among the wild rice and other grasses in the marsh.

The river looked lovely, but that is what is so deceptive about the Chesapeake watershed generally: its very beauty masks its ecological problems.

In John Smith's day, this river would have been clear and filled with rockfish, sturgeon, American shad and herring. Today, only the rockfish and a few other species abound in its cloudy waters, and they are thriving largely because of severe limits imposed on fishing in the latter 1980s.

Bay-wide, the statistics on key environmental factors in the Chesapeake are discouraging. For example, the Chesapeake Bay Foundation estimates that in 1607 there were about 400,000 acres of underwater grasses in the bay. Today, there are only about 70,000. Wetlands, which the foundation calls the bay's "lungs and kidneys," amounted to 3.5 million acres. About 1.5 million acres remain. Virtually the entire watershed was forested in 1607, constituting a "great, green filter" for the natural runoff into the bay. Much of that has been cleared for agriculture and development. And the oyster population, which once could filter all the water in the bay every few days, is less than 4 percent of its historic high.

An 1896 photograph of a bayside oyster shucker (left) testifies to H. L. Mencken's description of the bay as "an immense protein factory." Some fish still abound (a croaker catch), but many are depleted.

Each year, the foundation produces a *State of the Bay* report, which measures 13 key indicators of the Chesapeake's health, from pollution to fisheries to crabs. Using the bay in John Smith's time as an index of 100, the foundation rated the bay last year at 29, up two points from the year before, but still perilously low.

That's a failing grade, given the pledges of federal, state and District of Columbia governments over the past two decades to spend the billions necessary to clean up the bay. In 2000, the leaders of those governments signed an agreement committing to restore the Chesapeake's health to a rating of 40 by 2010. Now, meeting that goal seems unlikely.

The problem is not a lack of knowledge of what needs to be done. "The bay is one of the most studied, analyzed,

BOTTOM: ALFRED S. CAMPBELL LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

examined bodies of water on earth," says the Chesapeake Biological Laboratory's Boynton. "We scientists are doing a great job chronicling the demise of the bay. What is lacking is the political will to halt that demise."

On the bay's western shore, at the head of the Rhode River, Anson (Tuck) Hines, director of the Smithsonian Environmental Research Center, has tracked the changes for 30 years. "We are at the tipping point," he says. "Global climate change, the pace of development, the decline of the fisheries—everything is happening so quickly that I worry about the next 40 years, much less the next 400."

A shared sense of alarm about the bay is what motivated John Page Williams, the Conservation Fund, the National Geographic Society, the Chesapeake Bay Foundation and others to push Congress to authorize the Captain John Smith Chesapeake National Historic Trail.

The trail recognizes Smith's route as an important chapter in America's early history, just as the Lewis and Clark National Historic Trail, the Oregon Trail and 14 others mark other pioneering achievements. Once fully laid out by the National Park Service, both land sites and interpretive buoys will offer historical and scientific information at key points along Smith's circuit. Boaters and others will be able to trace his voyages and access information via cellphone and the Internet to contrast the bay now with what was known about it in his time.

"We think it will build a constituency for the bay," Williams says. "The trail will explain to people what . . . the possibilities are if we are able to restore it to something close to what it once was."

A tall order, perhaps. But if the water trail succeeds, it will constitute only Capt. John Smith's latest contribution to the splendid Chesapeake.

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HYUNDAI

Cajun

Zydeco and étouffée still reign in western Louisiana, where the zesty gumbo known as Acadian culture has simmered since 1764

BY WAYNE CURTIS
PHOTOGRAPHS BY TYRONE TURNER

IT'S SATURDAY MORNING in Breaux Bridge, Louisiana (pop. 7,902). My bloody mary sports a dilly bean, my eggs share a plate with crawfish étouffée and my flatware is bouncing around like a Mexican jumping bean. This is the zydeco breakfast at Café Des Amis, a 20-table eatery in a former general store that dates to the 1920s and still wears its original moldings, pine floors and stamped-tin ceilings. Those who aren't standing on the sidewalk waiting to get in are dancing to Lil' Nathan & the Zydeco Big Timers; the floorboards bounce to the beat. This is Cajun country, where traditions trump all—even in the face of natural disaster. (The region largely escaped Katrina in 2005, but Hurricane Rita hit the Cajun coast hard a month later.)

Yet the zydeco breakfast goes back only to 1998, when local boosters asked Dickie Breaux, the restaurant's owner, to play host to some French tourists. Someone had the idea of bringing in a zydeco band, townspeople showed up to dance and the breakfast took on a life of its own. Of course, the impulse behind it is quintessentially Cajun. "You're looking at a group that has distinguished itself for its pragmatism and adaptability," says Carl Brasseaux, a historian at the University of Louisiana at Lafayette. "For two and a half centuries, Cajuns have shown tremendous flexibility without compromising core values."

Cajun Louisiana—often called Acadiana—consists of 22 southwest Louisiana parishes, or counties, about a third of the state. The region is home to most of the 400,000 or so descendants of French Canadians who headed south after Britain took control of Canada in the 1760s. The city of Lafayette, two hours west of New Orleans, serves as the Cajun capital. Here street signs read "rue"; radios blare accordion music. Forget two widespread assumptions: that New Orleans is the seat of Cajun culture (few Cajuns actually live there) and that all Cajuns inhabit floating shacks in the swamps. These days, far more live in subdivisions, in housing of a style known locally as French provincial.

But swamps, eerie and haunting, indeed form the heart of this country—anyone driving west from New Orleans crosses the vast Atchafalaya Basin on an 18-mile causeway. Not that long ago, I floated the bayous in a 24-foot, low-draft crawfish skiff, navigating waters green with algae, with guide Bryan Champagne, 43, who was born just a few miles away and whose patter slips easily between French and English. He's been a swamp guide

At Café Des Amis in Breaux Bridge, breakfast comes with zydeco music and dancing on the side, a tradition begun in 1998. Melding "pragmatism and adaptability," says historian Carl Brasseaux, is typically Cajun.

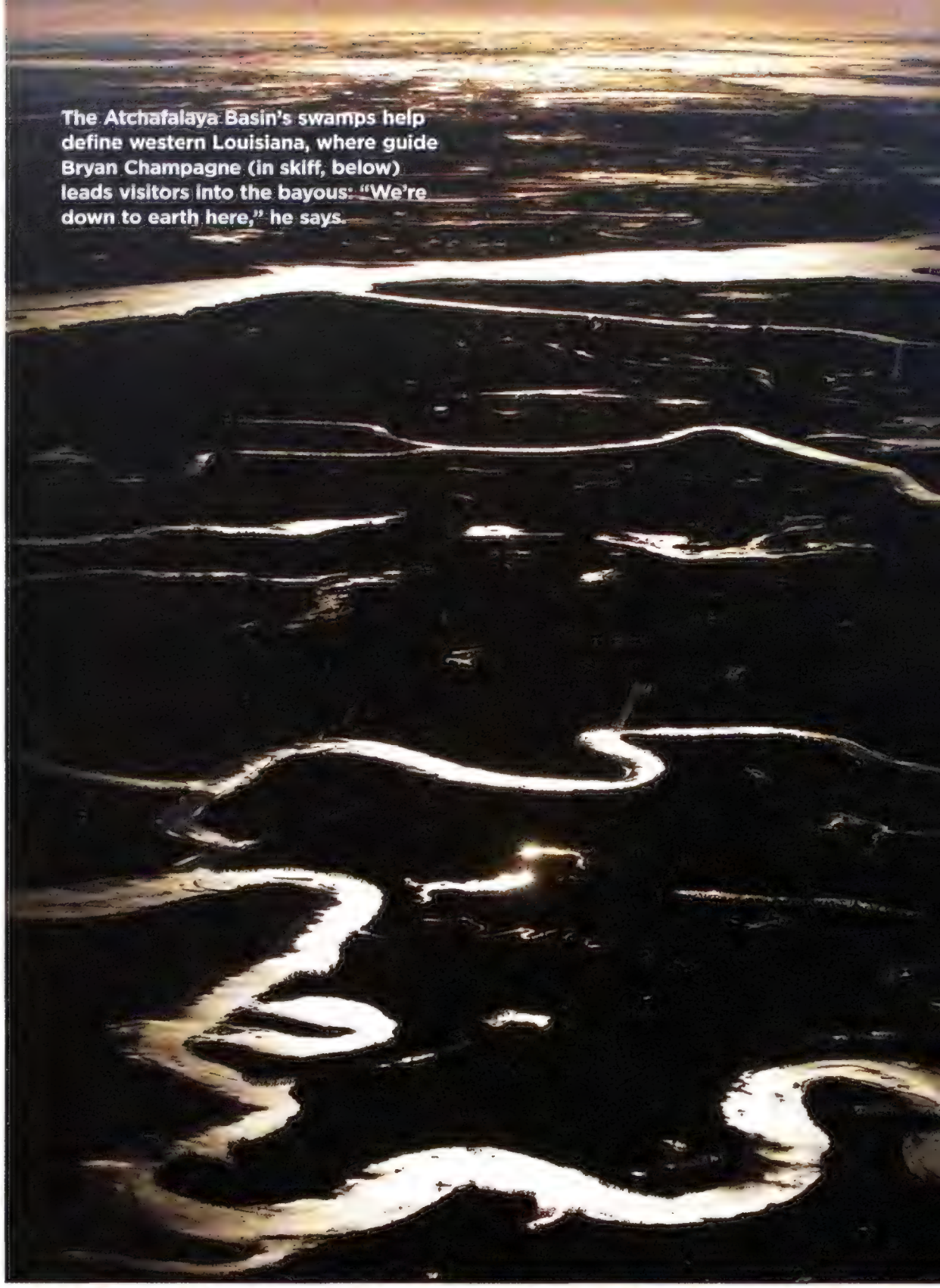
Country

for eight years. "This is not that easy," he says of navigating with clients. "We're sort of down to earth and slow-going here," he says. "You get people from other states, and they're always going 100 miles per hour." At least the landscape takes some of the edge off. "They like the layout of the land. It's so flat, and there's so much water." As we chug along, heron, ibis and white egrets take wing. Champagne points out a yellow-bellied turtle—"There's not too much we can't eat here in Louisiana," he says—and veers up a side channel, bumping the skiff into an overgrown bank. Nearly hidden in the grasses lies a nest of more than two dozen alligators, not yet a week old, Champagne tells me. Each could easily fit in my hand.

THE ANCESTORS of today's Cajuns migrated from France to then-French Canada in the early 1600s, establishing agricultural communities on the Acadian Peninsula (today's New Brunswick and Nova Scotia). When British troops seized control of Canada a century and a half later, the Acadians fled inland to northern Maine or south to the West Indies and Louisiana.

The first 20 (the term "Cajun" is a truncated version of "Acadian") arrived in New Orleans in April 1764, before pushing west. "There's a big misconception that the Acadians were deported to Louisiana," says attorney Warren Perrin, whose ancestors were among the first settlers. "In fact, they came here voluntarily." (Perrin is locally celebrated for his 13-year campaign to extract an apology from the Queen of England for that bit of unpleasantness two-and-a-half centuries ago. She capitulated in 2003.)

Until World War II, most Cajuns spoke French; they worked as subsistence farmers, trappers, loggers or boat builders. By the 1960s, a causeway bisected the Atchafalaya Basin; suddenly, New Orleans and Baton Rouge lay within a couple of hours'



The Atchafalaya Basin's swamps help define western Louisiana, where guide Bryan Champagne (in skiff, below) leads visitors into the bayous: "We're down to earth here," he says.

Freelancer **WAYNE CURTIS** *is based in New Orleans. Photographer* **TYRONE TURNER** *works from Arlington, Virginia.*

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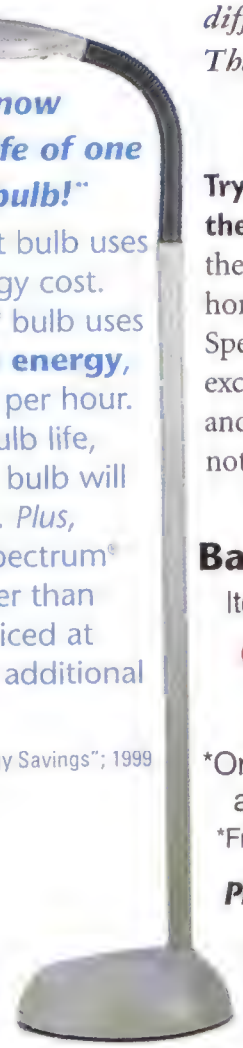

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driving time. Then came the oil boom of the 1980s, when high fuel prices accelerated the development of Louisiana's oil fields, both on land and offshore, buoying the region and vastly increasing vocational opportunities. (Critics contend that the pumping of oil and gas has caused the land to sink, contributing substantially to both a loss of wetlands and an increase in vulnerability to hurricanes.)

What hasn't changed is the Cajun predilection for large extended families: most Saturday nights are still reserved for get-togethers with friends and neighbors, fueled by music, food and dancing. Acadiana is also home to an almost nonstop roster of festivals, large and small; savvy travelers tune in to KBON (101.1 FM).

Historically, the Cajun diet was born of necessity, as local cooks used abundant rice and crawfish, flavoring them with the "trinity": green peppers, onions and celery. Cooks melded French traditions ("first you make a roux [a thickening of flour and butter, pan-browned]") with ingredients borrowed from various cultures (African okra and Native American filé powder, from sassafras leaves, for example). The *New Yorker*'s Calvin Trillin once wrote that the spicy, popular *boudin*—a sausage of pork, pork livers, rice and spices—is best served hot, squeezed from casing into mouth "in the parking lot of a grocery store and preferably while leaning against a pickup."

Another staple, crawfish étouffée (simmered in a tomato sauce) is said to have first appeared at the Rendezvous Restaurant in Breaux Bridge in the 1940s, when the owner made up a batch for herself and customers began requesting it. Today, a Cajun luminary, chef Paul Prudhomme, who grew up in nearby Opelousas, is renowned for a dish he concocted in the 1980s: blackened redfish. At the moment, a ubiquity of crawfish enchiladas at Cajun restaurants suggests the next new wave.

"THE FIRST THING the Acadians did when they stepped off the boat was to give a prayer of thanksgiving," says attorney Perrin. "And then they danced." Music in homes and dance halls has served to keep Cajun heritage (including the French language) alive. About an hour north of Lafayette, the town of Eunice (pop. 11,499) is home to the Cajun Music Hall of Fame and Museum (housed in another former general store) and to the recently restored Liberty Theater, originally a vaudeville palace dating from 1924. A five-dollar admission gains entry to *Rendez-vous des Cajuns*, a 90-minute variety show—a sort of Cajun *Prairie Home Companion*—broadcast live on local radio Saturday nights, with the banter often in French and the music ranging from zydeco to blues and rock. One recent evening featured the traditional music of Steve Riley and the Mamou Playboys. No sooner had they hit their first chord than couples crowded the dance floor, swaying to the rhythms of accordion and bass.

Later that night back in Lafayette, at the Blackpot Festival & Cookoff, a band known as Feufollet (the name refers to the ghostly, luminescent marsh gases, once believed to be specters haunting the bayous) belted out traditional Cajun songs in French. Twenty-somethings with tattoos shared the floor with dancers in their 60s and 70s, all of them—no matter their age—swinging and swooping and hollering. Cajun culture, it would seem, is alive and well, and ready for another century.

Despite changes that have accompanied oil-boom prosperity since the 1980s, Cajuns hold fast to a culture that developed largely in isolation. Radio broadcasts from *Rendez-vous des Cajuns*, a Saturday-night variety show in Eunice (above left), and in Lafayette, the seafood lunch at Prejeans (right), featuring blackened shrimp and crab cakes with crawfish sauce, are popular traditions.

MAP: ERIC HANSON

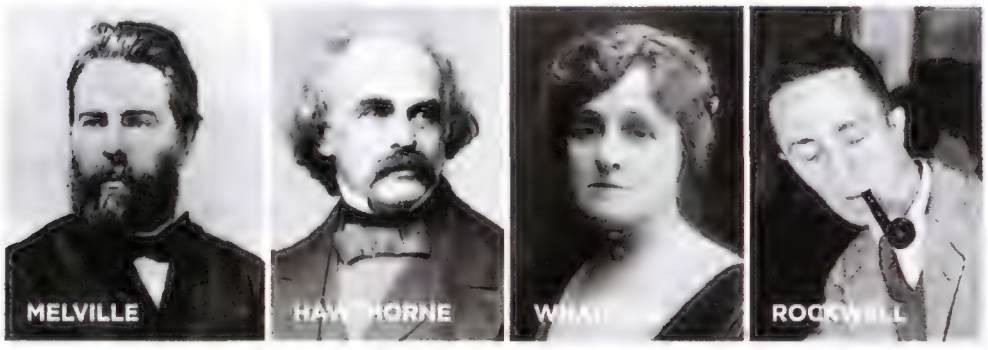
For a roundup of this summer's Cajun country festivals, visit Smithsonian.com.

The Berkshires

The hills are alive with the sounds of Tanglewood—plus modern dance, the art of Norman Rockwell and a literary tradition that goes back to Nathaniel Hawthorne and Herman Melville

BY JONATHAN KANDELL
PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHAEL CHRISTOPHER BROWN

FROM THE DESK at which he wrote *Moby-Dick*—a touchstone of American literature and arguably the greatest seafaring novel ever published—Herman Melville could gaze upon the forested hills and sloping fields of western Massachusetts' Berkshire Mountains. In the summer of 1850, at age 31, the writer had moved from New York City, 150 miles south, to the outskirts of Pittsfield, then still a village, where he settled into a modest, mustard-yellow farmhouse called Arrowhead—for the Native American artifacts once unearthed on the property. After years of sailing the world aboard New England whaling vessels, Melville was trying his hand at farming; his plan was to harvest corn and potatoes, cabbages and hay. But in winter, the landscape turned his thoughts back toward the mariner's life.



"I have a sort of sea-feeling here in the country now that the ground is covered in snow," Melville wrote a friend in 1850, shortly after beginning his 13-year Arrowhead stay. "I look out my window in the morning when I rise as I would out of a port-hole of a ship in the Atlantic. My room seems a ship's cabin; & at nights when I wake up & hear the wind shrieking, I almost fancy there is too much sail on the house, & I had better go on the roof & rig in the chimney."

From Melville's cramped, book-lined study, visitors today take in a clear view of Mount Greylock, at 3,491 feet the highest elevation in Massachusetts. For Melville, the brooding mass of wintry Greylock called to mind, or so biographer Andrew Delbanco has speculated, a great leviathan, emerging from a roiling, whitecapped ocean. Although Melville's few surviving letters make no mention of this, his neighbor and fellow novelist, Nathaniel Hawthorne, once wrote that Melville spent his days "shaping out the gigantic conception of his white whale" while staring at the snow-covered mountain. In his novel, Melville would describe Moby-Dick as a "grand hooded phantom, like a snow hill in the air."

For more than 150 years, the Berkshires have inspired writers and artists, who took up residence here because land was cheap—no longer—and the vistas were enchanting. "The bloom of these mountains is beyond expression delightful," wrote Melville in his 1855 novel, *Israel Potter*, describing summer in the forests and pastures of western Massachusetts. "Each tuft of upland grass is musked like bouquet with perfume. The balmy breeze swings to and fro like a censer." From the mid-19th to the early 20th centuries, novelists including Melville, Hawthorne and Edith Wharton, and landscape painters such as Thomas Cole and George Inness, flocked here. According to Carole Owens, author of *The Berkshire Cottages*—a survey of the palatial summer retreats constructed by millionaires in the post-Civil War Gilded Age—the influx of literary and artistic luminaries "gave the Berkshires a panache that attracted wealthy New Yorkers and Bostonians looking for more than just sylvan beauty."

In 1851, Herman Melville completed his opus, *Moby-Dick,* in the shadow of Mount Greylock (the view from his study, right); some see the form of a white whale in the winter contours of the peak—"like a snow hill in the air," as Melville put it. The area has long attracted writers and artists (above, left).

CORBIS (4)

Melville often ventured into the countryside surrounding his Pittsfield farmhouse, Arrowhead (top right); he admired the handicrafts at a nearby Shaker village (a round barn there, above, was restored in 1968). As the novelist neared concluding *Moby-Dick*, he traveled to the Crane rag-pulp mill in Dalton (today a museum, left) to purchase an entire "sleigh-load" of writing paper.

In 1761, Sir Francis Bernard, governor of the colony of Massachusetts, conferred the name Berkshires on the region, in honor of his home county in England. Today, the area, whose 950 square miles offer a concentration of literary, artistic and historic treasures, beckons some 2.5 million travelers annually. In North Adams (pop. 14,000), the Massachusetts Museum of Contemporary Art (MASS MoCA) provides more gallery space for the display of 20th- and 21st-century pieces than any museum in New York City. At the southern end of the Berkshires, some 25 miles away, Lenox (pop. 5,100) is the site of the Tanglewood Festival, where hundreds of classical concerts and recitals are staged each summer; performances began here in 1936. And throughout the Berkshires, smaller museums, devoted to subjects ranging from the region's role in the Industrial Revolution to the work of its artisans, as well as landmark residences and repertory theaters, abound.

Amid all these cultural attractions, it's possible to overlook the extraordinary natural beauty here. I was nearly guilty of this oversight myself, until I took a back road from one museum to another and stopped to admire the view of forest and pasture from a stone bridge over the Green River near North Adams. Down a grassy embankment, cool waters eddied around glacial boulders. I clambered to the river's edge, rolling up my jeans to wade against a strong current; cedar waxwings soared and plummeted, snatching insects in the air.

It was such a desire for immersion in bucolic splendor that first drew Melville and Hawthorne to the Berkshires. They met on August 5, 1850, while hiking with mutual friends on Monument Mountain, just south of Pittsfield. As the party laid out a picnic, a sudden downpour sent its members scurrying for cover. Hawthorne and Melville took shelter under a rocky ledge, where they fervently discussed works in progress until the rain ended. Writing a few days later of their fortuitous encounter, Melville thanked Hawthorne for dropping "germinous seeds into my soul." Thus began one of the most celebrated friendships in the history of American letters.

In May of that year, Hawthorne, 46, and 15 years Melville's senior, had moved with his wife, Sophie, and two children, Una and Julian, from the town of Salem near Boston to a small cottage outside Lenox. Melville arrived in the Berkshires with his wife, Elizabeth, and their infant

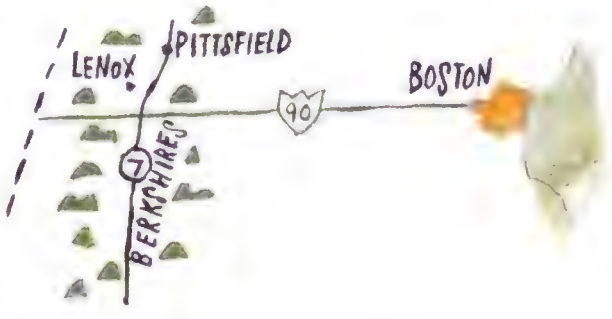
Writer **JONATHAN KANDELL**, *who lives in New York City, reports frequently on culture and history. Photographer* **MICHAEL CHRISTOPHER BROWN** *is based in Brooklyn, New York.*

LEFT: CRANE MUSEUM OF PAPERMAKING

For a decade, from 1902 on, novelist Edith Wharton inhabited her 113-acre estate, The Mount (ongoing restoration began in 1980). The manor, Wharton recalled in 1934, had been the source of "country cares and joys, long happy drives . . . through the wooded lanes of that loveliest region . . . and the freedom from trivial obligations which was necessary if I was to go on with my writing."

son, Malcolm, a month later. Hawthorne, the more established writer, had favorably reviewed Melville's novel *Typee* in 1846. After their initial encounter, Melville reciprocated with an enthusiastic review of Hawthorne's short story collection *Mosses from an Old Manse*.

Hawthorne encouraged Melville to transform his whaling experiences into fiction. When *Moby-Dick* was published, in 1851, Melville dedicated it to Hawthorne, "in token of my admiration for his genius." Hawthorne took only two days to read through all 700 pages and wrote an adulatory letter, which unfortunately no longer survives. But it moved Melville to reply: "I shall leave the world, I feel, with more satisfaction for having come to know you. Knowing you persuades me more than the Bible of our immortality."



As the *Moby-Dick* manuscript had grown ever thicker during the late winter of 1850, Melville journeyed five miles east of his farm to the Crane paper mill in Dalton for "a sleigh-load of paper." In those days, paper was manufactured from rags, making it far more expensive than the wood-pulp-based variety that would be introduced in 1876 by another Massachusetts mill. Melville, alas, never earned enough royalties to accrue a stash of another desirable product—dollar bills. (Crane began manufacturing the paper on which American currency is printed in 1776 and has retained that monopoly since 1879.)

Shady, tree-lined Dalton (pop. 4,700) remains a company town, where the Crane Museum of Papermaking draws 2,500 visitors in its June through October season. According to company historian Peter Hopkins, mill founder Zenas Crane chose the location "because the nearby Housatonic River provided power and water without mineral impurities, and because there were plenty of rags available in nearby communities." Peddlers arrived in horse-drawn carriages to unload their bundles; Crane laborers sorted the fabrics and cut them into small pieces. The shreds were then dropped into enormous vats where huge beaters, powered by a mill on the Housatonic, churned the rags in water, turning them into pulp. "That's where the expression 'beaten to a pulp' comes from," says Hopkins.

Another Berkshires landmark, a 19th-century Shaker

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village on the edge of Pittsfield (pop. 43,900), eight miles northwest of Arrowhead, also attracted Melville, who admired the crafts produced here; over time, he purchased several household items, including a sewing box and pincushion. Today the Hancock Shaker Village, a farm and workshop complex set on 1,200 verdant acres, is a museum, having closed as an active community in 1960. The Shakers, a Christian sect—so named for the trancelike trembling its adherents exhibited during ecstatic worship services—emigrated from England to America in 1774. A belief in celibacy, communal life, gender equality and dedication to manual labor defined the movement. At their peak in the 1830s, some 300 Shakers lived at Hancock, where they crafted elegant furniture, farm implements and household items. Although the Shakers subscribed to fundamentalist theology, they nevertheless "used the best-available technology and most sophisticated marketing," says Todd Burdick, director of education at Hancock, as he conducts visitors through a collection of 22,000 objects in 20 historic buildings.

In North Adams, MASS MoCA's renovated 19th-century mill buildings provide 250,000 square feet of gallery space for contemporary art (including Chinese sculptor Huang Yong Ping's 50-foot-high *Python*).

WITHIN A FEW YEARS of the publication of *Moby-Dick*, the Melville-Hawthorne friendship began to wane. Perhaps the contrasting fortunes of the two were at least partially to blame. Hawthorne's great work, *The Scarlet Letter*, published in 1850, sold more copies in its first ten days than did *Moby-Dick* in three years. Melville's novel would not be recognized as an American expression of genius until the 1920s, three decades after the author's death in 1891. Unsuccessful at farming as well, Melville returned to New York City in 1863 and took a job as a customs inspector.

Melville had lapsed into nearly total obscurity by the time that the young Edith Wharton became a published writer in the 1880s; she would later confess that she "never heard his name mentioned, or saw one of his books." Wharton completed her masterpiece, *The House of Mirth* (1905), at her lavish, 113-acre Berkshires estate, The Mount, in Lenox, only a dozen or so miles south of Arrowhead. The unflinching portrayal of hypocrisy and social climbing in wealthy New York City in the late 19th century placed her in the pantheon of great American novelists, and the book broke all sales records at the time. "It was the *Da Vinci Code* of that era," says Stephanie Copeland, president of The Mount Estate & Gardens, today one of the most important tourist draws in the Berkshires.

Wharton, who inhabited the upper echelons of the Gilded Age society, described that world with an acid pen, complaining that in Boston she was considered "too fashionable to be intelligent," while in New York, her primary residence, she was said to be "too intelligent to be fashionable." She dismissed Newport, Rhode Island, the favorite summer haunt of the rich, as a place obsessed with status. By contrast, The Mount, as Wharton described it in her 1934 autobiography, *A Backward Glance,* conferred "country cares and joys, long happy rides and drives through the wooded lanes of that loveliest region, the companionship of a few dear friends, and the freedom from trivial obligations which was necessary if I was to go on with my writing."

Constant attention to The Mount, as well as its gardens and woods, easily occupied as much of Wharton's time as did her novels. "She chastised her acquaintances, including the Vanderbilts, for building country homes that resembled English castles plopped down in a New England setting," says Copeland. Their Newport "cottages," to Wharton's mind, were meant to inspire awe and envy from the moment the manors came into view, a mile or more away from their entrances. The Mount, on the other hand, emphasized Wharton's insistence upon discretion and privacy; the estate lies hidden behind a half-mile *allée* of sugar maples. The white-stucco residence, in the British Georgian style, also combines aspects of Italian and French architecture. Its largely unadorned forecourt is surfaced in gravel.

Tree-shaded lawns slope down to an Italianate garden with a stone pergola at one end and an English garden planted in perennial beds and herbaceous borders at the

The Norman Rockwell Museum in Stockbridge contains 678 of the artist's works (including *Marriage License*, 1955, above). "The commonplaces of America," Rockwell wrote in 1936, "are to me the richest subjects in art."

other. "I am amazed at the success of my efforts," Wharton wrote to her lover, Morton Fullerton, in 1907. "Decidedly, I'm a better landscape gardener than novelist, and this place, every line of which is my own work, far surpasses *The House of Mirth*."

After moving into The Mount in 1902, Wharton lived there for nearly a decade. Her routine was to wake at dawn in a bedroom that looked out over forest to Laurel Lake, and to remain in bed until 11 a.m., writing furiously, allowing pages to drop on the rug, to be collected later by her secretary. Afternoons and evenings were meant for intimate meals and gatherings limited to no more than six guests, invited for a few days or a long summer weekend. Henry James, describing a 1904 sojourn at The Mount, declared himself to be "very happy here, surrounded by every loveliness of nature and every luxury of art and treated with a benevolence that brings tears to my eyes."

Seven years later, the Berkshires idyll came to a close for Wharton. Her marriage to the handsome but boorish outdoorsman, Edward Robbins Wharton—"Dear Teddy," she always called him—had ended by 1911. So had the affair with Fullerton. Wharton moved to Europe and arranged to sell The Mount. The building and estate fell into disrepair until about 1980, when a nonprofit organization, Edith Wharton Restoration, began resurrecting the house and gardens—a process only now nearing completion. The Mount is open from April through October.

By the time Wharton died at age 75 in 1937, a momentous transformation was under way barely two miles west of her former estate. That same year, the Tappan family, descendants of wealthy Bostonian merchants and abolitionists, had given their 210-acre Tanglewood estate in Lenox to the Boston Symphony Orchestra (BSO) for summer performances. The name pays homage to Hawthorne's *Tanglewood Tales*, a short-story collection published in 1853. (The small Lenox cottage where the novelist wrote that work is located on the property.)

In 1938, Tanglewood inaugurated its outdoor concert hall, the 5,100-seat Shed. The open-sided Shed allows 150,000 music lovers annually to enjoy classical performances, even when it rains. On clear afternoons and evenings, thousands more gather on the great lawn in front of the Shed to picnic while listening to concerts free of charge. Many additional performances are staged in 1,200-seat Seiji Ozawa Hall, opened in 1994 as part of the Leonard Bernstein Campus on 84 adjoining acres acquired in 1986.

Today, a summer season of Tanglewood concerts draws 350,000 visitors. On a crowded Friday evening this past July, BSO conductor James Levine was making his first public appearance since injuring his shoulder in an onstage fall in Boston four months earlier. The crowd cheered the conclusion of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony; the critics were also enthusiastic. "Mr. Levine can wave his arms just fine, thank you," wrote Bernard Holland in the *New York Times*.

The morning after the performance, Anthony Fogg, BSO's artistic administrator, analyzed the elements that distinguish Tanglewood from other summer music festivals, particularly those in Europe, where performances of this kind began. "In Salzburg or Lucerne, different ensembles perform every night," says Fogg. "Here, the BSO is in residence throughout the festival, and the musicians, support staff and their families move into the Berkshires for the duration." Fogg calculates that during the eight-week performance period, Tanglewood schedules some 1,600 "events," including rehearsals and performances.

From its inception in the 1930s, Tanglewood drew a well-heeled summer crowd, even as the northern Berkshires slid into economic decay. Northwestern Massachusetts, once a cradle of the Industrial Revolution, witnessed the decline of its mills in the face of competition, first from textile producers in the American South and then from abroad. Today, however, the northern Berkshires are reviving, thanks in large measure to the 250,000-square-

foot MASS MoCA, since 1999 one of the world's largest art exhibition spaces.

The museum revels in its industrial roots, with cutting-edge art displayed amid the exposed brick, peeling paint, chipped columns and stained floors of 19th-century buildings, last occupied by an electrical components manufacturer in 1985. "Contemporary art got bigger and New York City real estate got too expensive," says Katherine Myers, MASS MoCA's head of public relations. "So, it made sense to put a museum in this old factory space." This summer's offerings will include a celebration of Dutch arts and culture; a survey of works by American conceptual artist Spencer Finch and an exhibition examining the interlinked visions of artists, scientists, spiritualists and conspiracy theorists.

Art realists might prefer to return to the southern Berkshires, for a glimpse into the reassuring world of Norman Rockwell (1894-1978), the artist and illustrator famous for his evocations of small-town America. (He is perhaps best known for the 322 *Saturday Evening Post* covers he executed from 1916 to 1963.) Born in New York City, Rockwell lived for 24 years in the northern suburb of New Rochelle, then a hub for magazine illustrators and copywriters.

Jacob's Pillow, the nation's premier festival for ballet and modern dance (performers rehearse, above), turns 75 this year. Mikhail Baryshnikov has called the venue "one of America's most precious cultural assets."

But in 1953, he moved to Stockbridge (pop. 2,250), five miles south of Lenox. With its main street, barbershop, high-school prom, swimming hole and Sunday church services, Stockbridge seemed to exemplify the world that inspired Rockwell's works. "The commonplaces of America are to me the richest subjects in art," the artist wrote in 1936. "Boys batting flies on vacant lots; little girls playing jacks on the front steps; old men plodding home at twilight, umbrellas in hand . . . the things we have seen all our lives, and overlooked."

Much of his output—678 paintings and drawings—today hangs in the Norman Rockwell Museum, on Stockbridge's western outskirts. Constructed of wood, slate and fieldstone and opened in 1993, the building evokes a New England town hall; it draws some 165,000 visitors annually. On the day I showed up, entire families, from grandparents to toddlers, wandered the galleries—kids hoisted on their fathers' shoulders; an elderly man leaning on his cane while he stared intently at the portrait of a young girl applying makeup, perhaps for the first time; a middle-aged couple holding hands in front of a work titled *Marriage License* (1955).

The painting depicts a young couple applying for a marriage license at Stockbridge's Town Hall from a clerk clearly at the end of his workday. "You get this wonderful emotional contrast that interests Rockwell so much—the enthusiasm of the young couple paired with the apathy of the clerk," says Stephanie Plunkett, the museum curator. The bride-to-be stands on tiptoe at the high counter to sign marriage documents. The clerk, having already put on his galoshes, is about to reach for his raincoat and umbrella.

Rockwell knew of course that the real Stockbridge was more sophisticated than the town he depicted and whose citizens he used as his models. By the time he moved there in the 1950s, Tanglewood was drawing vast audiences of classical music aficionados, while only ten miles to the northeast, in Becket, lies Jacob's Pillow, the 161-acre farm that is now home to the acclaimed center for dance.

Almost a century earlier, artists in the Berkshires had been inspired by nature rather than by the small-town society that Rockwell documented. In his 1856 short story, "The Piazza," Melville described the view in summer from his porch at Arrowhead as one that, throughout the season, attracted landscape painters. "[The] country round about was such a picture, that in berry time no boy climbs hill or crosses vale without coming upon easels planted in every nook, and sun-burnt painters painting there," he wrote. Many of these artists were local residents, a number of them amateurs. They would not for a moment have imagined themselves as better subjects for their canvases than Mount Greylock or Monument Mountain.

STEFANIE MOTTA

Galena, Illinois

Ulysses S. Grant's postwar retreat is not the only reason to visit this restored Victorian showcase

BY ULRICH BOSER
PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAYNE KENNEDY

In his memoirs, Ulysses S. Grant makes scant mention of the April 1860 afternoon that he moved with his family to the port town of Galena, Illinois, on a Mississippi tributary 144 miles northwest of Chicago. Perhaps that's understandable. The West Point graduate who would become the greatest Union general of the Civil War and a two-term president had seen his attempts at farming and real estate speculation fail; he had even pawned his watch to buy Christmas gifts for his children. Now he was moving to work as a clerk in his father's leather-goods store.

On that spring day, Grant followed his wife, Julia, and their four children, Frederick, Ulysses, Ellen and Jesse, down the riverboat *Itaska*'s gangplank onto Galena's bustling wharf. Then, hoisting all that they owned, the family clambered up steep steps to South High Street, where a small, red brick rented house awaited them. Once settled in, Grant spent his days selling harnesses and saddles to fellow

Grant (opposite, from left: at 26, in 1848; with his wife, Julia, 1860s) moved to Galena in 1860. The town, known as the "outdoor museum of the Victorian Midwest," boasts landmarks including Grant's post-Civil War mansion (opposite) and Main Street (below).

MAP: ERIC HANSON. P. 74 LAYNE KENNEDY ; CORBIS; NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, SI ; ART RESOURCE, NY; HULTON ARCHIVE / GETTY IMAGES

Galenans, many of whom worked in the lead mine on the outskirts of town. In the evening, the future president read newspapers and played with his children. "Although [Grant] was occupying a rather humble position," Julia later recalled, "we were happy."

Today, Grant's little house still overlooks the town cemetery, its brick walls, emerald-green shutters and white trim virtually unchanged from that April day so long ago. Indeed, most of Galena appears as it did in Grant's day. A concentration of 19th-century architecture, from Federal-style storefronts to Italianate mansions, has earned the town the sobriquet "outdoor museum of the Victorian Midwest." It attracts more than a million visitors annually.

Fox and Sauk Indians first mined the area's rich lead deposits (processing the soft, grayish metal into body paint). White settlers, who arrived as early as 1690, named the town after the Latin word for lead ore, *galena*. As miners flocked there in the 1820s, the rural outpost grew into a busy river port; steamboats the size of football fields hauled its ore down the Mississippi. By the 1830s, Galena's population (1,000) had surpassed Chicago's (100). Civic elders believed their thriving port would soon become the Midwest's leading city.

Grant's presence looms large in Galena. The Historical Society's *Peace in Union*, Thomas Nast's 1895 oil (above), depicts Lee's surrender to the Union general at Appomattox. In the Grant mansion (below), furnishings date to the future president's time there.

In the closing decades of the 19th century, however, Galena spiraled into decay as lead, used in everything from ammunition to industrial pipes, gave way to steel, and steamboats yielded to trains. By the 1950s, its downtown was filled with dilapidated taverns, diners and boarded-up buildings.

Then, in the 1970s, Chicago-area artists began seeing potential in the fine lines and handcrafted detail of Main Street's storefronts; soon they were transforming the Federal-style buildings into art galleries and studios. Today, with more than 1,000 buildings on the National Register of Historic Places, 85 percent of Galena has been declared a national historic district. "This is the real thing," says local historian Steve Repp. "There have been only cosmetic changes, nothing more, since the 1860s."

The National Register list includes the two-story, brick structure that once housed the Grants' leather-goods store, in which the future general also failed to distinguish himself as a salesman: "He would rather talk about the Mexican War than wait upon the best customer in the world," local jeweler John Smith would later recall of his friend.

The town's major architectural landmarks, however, lie beyond Main Street. On steep bluffs overlooking the Galena River, steamboat captains and mine owners built imposing mansions. The houses sit on wide, grassy lawns, surrounded by towering oaks and maples, affording panoramic views. Built between 1840 and 1890, many combine elements of various styles—pointed arches paired with ornate turrets, for instance. Others offer unadulterated examples of a distinct style: some of the nation's finest Greek Revival architecture is here.

But Galena is not merely a 19th-century set piece. On sunny days, a walkway skirting the river is crowded with bikers, hikers and bird-watchers. Fishermen and kayakers share the river with otter and muskrat; bald eagles plummet into it to seize bass, carp and catfish. The town boasts more than a dozen art galleries and live-music venues. The narrow streets are lined too with restaurants and watering holes. "You never know who's going to show up," says Grape Escape wine-bar proprietor Catherine Kouzmanoff (a.k.a. Miss Kitty). "Could be anybody from a portrait painter to an aspiring bluesman."

Writer **ULRICH BOSER** *lives in Washington, D.C. Photographer* **LAYNE KENNEDY** *works from Minneapolis, Minnesota.*

Sculptor John Martinson, who moved to Galena from Wisconsin in 1979, works in a studio not far from downtown. To display his outsize pieces (including a 22-foot-high replica of a Tinkertoy construction, its steel beams painted violet, yellow and green), Martinson turned two acres of land just off West Street into a sculpture park. His soaring installations are sited amid tall trees, footpaths and a gurgling stream. "Galena is a real pretty area, with bluffs and hills and old 19th-century architecture," he says. "That adds to your creative process."

Galena's past seems to lurk just below the surface. When the Galena Historical Society wanted to enlarge its lead-mine exhibition a few years ago, curators there made a surprising discovery—a lead-mine shaft dating back to the 1830s lay just a few feet from the society's 1858 Italianate mansion. "It was a happy coincidence," says director Nancy Breed. To take advantage of the find, society officials built a footbridge from the mansion to the shaft. Now sheathed in plexiglass, it's the centerpiece of the new lead-mine installation. Among the society's collection of Grant memorabilia are amusing trifles—a cigar butt discarded by Grant and picked up on the street by a Galena boy—as well as a large cache of Grant's letters documenting his war campaigns.

In the 1970s, newcomers (including sculptor John Martinson, above) began reviving the town, today the center of a lively arts scene. Says wine-bar proprietor Catherine Kouzmanoff: "You never know who's going to show up, from a painter to a bluesman."

Grant, commissioned a colonel of the 21st Illinois Volunteer Infantry Regiment in 1861, left Galena a year after he arrived. He quickly rose up the ranks, rewarded for his leadership and skill as a tactician, qualities that would earn him the admiration of President Lincoln, who in 1862 declared: "I cannot spare this man—he fights." After the war ended in 1865, Grant returned to Galena as general in chief to be greeted by 20,000 cheering citizens and a towering arch over Main Street, emblazoned with the message, "Hail to the Chief Who in Triumph Advances."

The town elders presented the returning hero with a fully furnished mansion. It too has changed little over the years. A portico fronts the red brick, Italianate building; a white picket fence demarcates the half-acre property. Inside, more than 90 percent of the furnishings date back to Grant's tenure, from a massive 15-pound family Bible to delicate Haviland china. Even the general's favorite chair, a green velvet wing back, still stands next to his cigar caddy. (Grant's nicotine addiction was severe; he is said to have begun smoking cigars, perhaps 20 a day, to mask the stench of corpses on the battlefield.)

Grant lived in the house only briefly—he decamped to Washington in September 1865 to help oversee the rebuilding of the South; he would become secretary of war in 1867. But Galena served as his 1868 Republican presidential campaign base. Grant set up headquarters in the DeSoto House Hotel on Main Street; on November 3, 1868, he awaited ballot results at the home of his friend, Illinois congressman Elihu Washburne. Election night was chilly and wet. The men sat by a fire in the library as early returns were reported by Western Union. Shortly before 1 a.m., the final votes were tallied: Grant had won by a hair, besting Democrat Horatio Seymour by 306,000 votes.

Grant and Washburne celebrated with several aides—the group, reported the *Galena Evening Gazette*, was "merry as a marriage bell." The president-elect then stepped outside, where scores of supporters and the town's Lead Mine Band greeted him with cheers and patriotic anthems. "I leave here tomorrow," he told the crowd. "But it would give me great pleasure to make an annual pilgrimage to a place I have enjoyed myself so much." Grant kept his promise: he continued to visit Galena until his death at age 63 from throat cancer in 1885.

For more Galena highlights, visit Smithsonian.com.

DestinationAmerica

Highlights & Hotspots

AKRON, OHIO The question doesn't rank up there with, say, What is gravity? But where was the hamburger invented? To promote its claim, Akron hosts the National Hamburger Festival on July 21 and 22. Over 20,000 people served, including competitive eater Dave "Coondog" O'Karma (above).

BLACK ROCK DESERT, NEVADA A non-conformists' convention? From August 27 to September 3, some 40,000 people will camp out at Burning Man, a free-form art festival marked by the conflagration of a 40-foot-tall wooden man. Bring sunscreen—clothing is optional.

GLENS FALLS, NEW YORK More than 90 hot-air balloons lift off over Lake George and the Adirondack Mountains September 20 to 23. The Balloon Festival specializes in unusual shapes—the star of 2006 was Old MacDonald's inflatable farm (above). Expected in 2007: flying squirrels.

MOBILE, ALABAMA Bike the Underground Railroad—on which as many as 100,000 slaves traveled to freedom from 1810 to 1850—following a new map created by the Missoula, Montana-based Adventure Cycling Association. From the Gulf of Mexico, the trip covers 2,058 miles to Owen Sound, Ontario.

AUSTIN, TEXAS The largest urban bat colony in North America—1.5 million of the Mexican free-tailed species—lives under the downtown Congress Avenue Bridge. On September 1 and 2, the city pays tribute to its insectivore denizens with Batfest 2007, featuring live music on two stages, a street fair and bat-watching at dusk.

LAGUNA BEACH, CALIFORNIA Take a closer look: that's not a painting. From July 7 to August 31, meticulously costumed actors strike poses on elaborate sets to re-create 35 works of art (a rendition of Vincent Van Gogh's *Artist on the Road to Tarascon*). It's the Pageant of the Masters, home to *tableau vivant* since 1932. —AMY CRAWFORD

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP RIGHT: ADRIENNE ARP BALLOON FESTIVAL; DENNIS COELLO / ADVENTURE CYCLING ASSOCIATION; KAREN MARKS; BAT CONSERVATION INTERNATIONAL; MONICA ALMEIDA / THE NEW YORK TIMES / REDUX; DAN ADAMS; NATIONAL HAMBURGER FESTIVAL

James Rosenquist *Sketch for Fireplace Expo 67 Mural, Montreal Canada* 1967
Image courtesy of Frederick R. Weisman Art Foundation, Los Angeles

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The Colorado Springs Fine Arts Center announces the unveiling of its new $28.4 million expansion with *The Eclectic Eye: Pop and Illusion*—Selections from the Frederick R. Weisman Art Foundation. It is a brilliant counterpoint to the Fine Arts Center's outstanding permanent collection, featuring one of America's largest exhibits of Dale Chihuly glass.

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Fine Arts Center
COLORADO SPRINGS

WHAT CAMERA?

Look what photographer Robert Creamer can do with a flatbed scanner

BY MARIAN SMITH HOLMES

The sunroom in Robert Creamer's home is filled with dead and dying things: browning lotus leaves, heron bones, a halved nautilus shell exposing spiraling empty chambers, plates of desiccated irises, and other flora and fauna. Like most good photographers, Creamer, 58, is patient, waiting for that moment when his subjects "reveal something new," he says. Only then will he capture them in outsize photographs that he takes not with a camera but with a digital tool—a flatbed scanner.

Creamer, who has been professionally photographing architecture and museum installations for more than 30 years, migrated from camera to scanner—essentially an office color copier—over the past five years after clients began asking for digital images instead of the 4- by 5-inch film he had long used. After purchasing a scanner to digitize his negatives, he was hooked. "The detail was pretty phenomenal," he says. "I started scanning all kinds of things—a dead hummingbird, then tulips, oranges, bones, a snake that the cat dragged in."

Creamer's focus on detail underlies "Transitions: Photographs by Robert Creamer," an exhibition of 39 of his large-scale works now on view through June 24 at the Smithsonian's National Museum of Natural History (NMNH) in Washington, D.C. The exhibition will be circulated to other U.S. cities by the Smithsonian Institution Traveling Exhibition Service starting in the fall (see sites.si.edu).

Like photography itself, scanning can be done by almost any novice, but Creamer has achieved a level of mastery with it. Through trial and error, he has adapted studio photographic techniques to the process. By training spotlights on objects at various angles, he says he's able to "paint with light." To avoid crushing delicate plants, he has removed the scanner's lid and rigged up a suspension system so that his subjects barely touch the surface of the machine.

Creamer uses a black cloth tented over the scanner to create deep black backgrounds. The technique heightens the detail produced by the scanner, which generally renders sharper images than his camera does. Before burning an image to a CD, he previews it on his laptop and makes any adjustments he feels necessary. When satisfied, he loads it onto a Macintosh computer, does a bit of fine-tuning in Photoshop—a digital darkroom for photographers—and prints it. The results can be dazzling. The viewer's eye is drawn to an intricate network of leaf veins or, perhaps, a moonscape pattern of lotus seedpods or clumps of pollen clinging to a stamen. With large prints, the smallest details can be 20 or 30 times bigger than they actually are.

"Everything becomes something else; it has new meaning for me," says Creamer (top). His photo *Fairchild Jade 2005* (opposite) combines jade vine, royal poinciana and Guiana chestnut. The skeleton he used for *Marine Frog Inventory 2004* (above) is from the Smithsonian's National Museum of Natural History.

At that size, to Creamer's delight, the objects can appear otherworldly. "I could just say it's an emu egg," he says, pointing to a print of a greenish-black pitted oval, "but it isn't; it's like a Rothko painting." Similarly, Japanese maple seedpods look like winged moths in flight, and a peony mimics a pink-skirted Degas ballerina (p. 82).

"I'm always checking my inventory of plants," Creamer says, holding a bouquet of fresh peonies. "As these dry, they'll slide through a color palette, from beautiful white-pinks to a dark brown. You have to be there. Sometimes it's just a matter of hours."

"Bob finds beauty in every phase of a thing's being," says Robert Sullivan, former associate director of public programs at NMNH. Sullivan granted Creamer access to thousands of the museum's preserved objects, from pressed flowers to animal skulls. "It was this search for beauty in the fading elegance of things that drew Bob to the museum collections," says Sullivan.

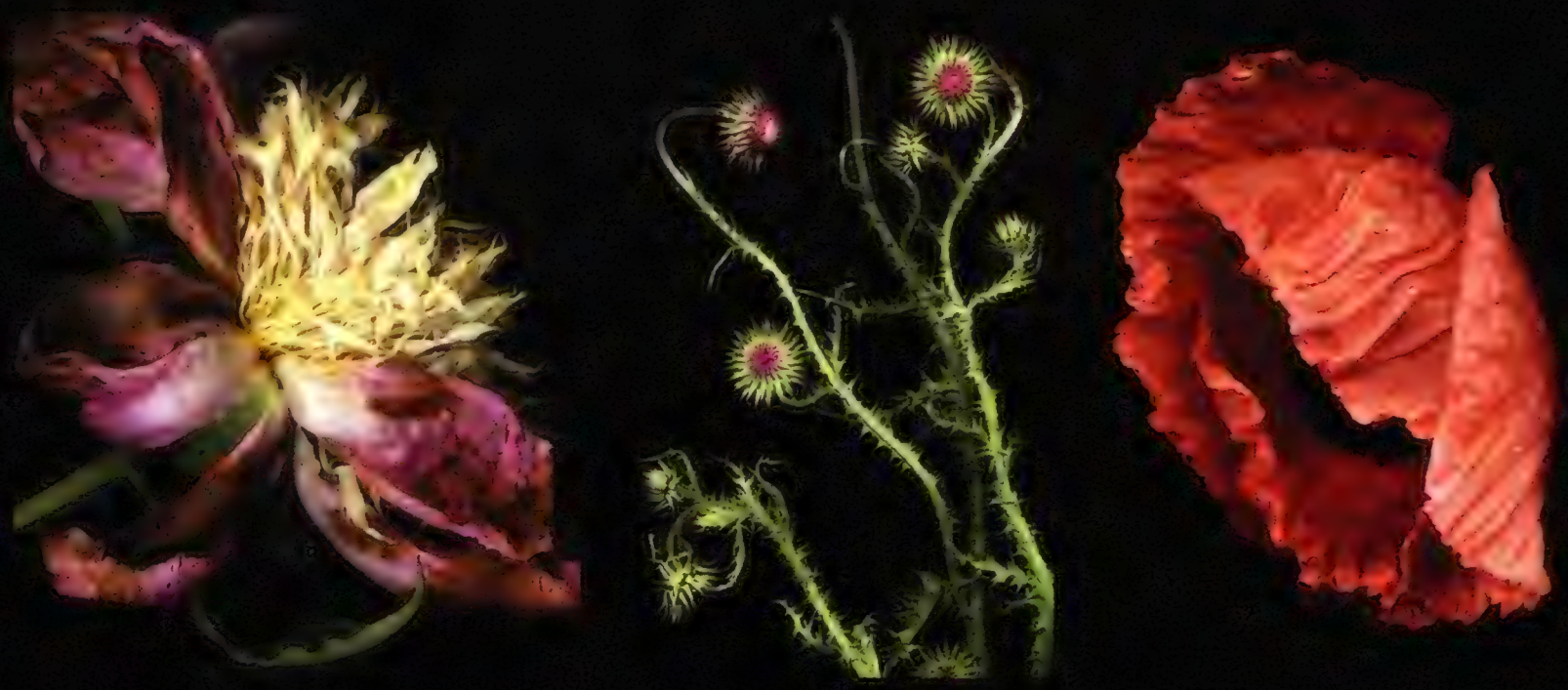
Creamer also made frequent visits to Fairchild Tropical Botanic Garden in Miami, where he gathered plants for *Fairchild Jade 2005*, a 40- by 56-inch photograph (opposite) in the exhibition. The image is an abstract tangle of turquoise and reddish-hued petals that Creamer arranged on a glass plate before putting them on his portable scanner. He kept the flowers for two years, periodically scanning them. In the first version, "they look so aquatic, it's like looking down into a coral reef," he says. "As they dried they became new material with new interpretations. They seemed to drift. They became skeletal." For a final scan, he burned them, capturing the plants in a ghostly swirl of smoke.

The scanner, Creamer says, allows him to "start with a complete blank slate" instead of "selecting a portion" of a given landscape to shoot with a camera. Ultimately, "it's not the process that is groundbreaking," he adds, "it's what's being captured that is groundbreaking." His old, large-format camera is now for sale.

MARIAN SMITH HOLMES *is an associate editor at* SMITHSONIAN.

TOP: DAVID WILEY; PP. 80, 81, 82 ROBERT CREAMER (6)

Visit Smithsonian.com for additional images and a short video.



Many of Creamer's photographs depict flowers in various stages of decay. "I'm challenging the traditional notion of beauty as something perfect and flawless," he says of such images as *Peony After Degas 2005* (above, far left). Creamer often stops along the roadside to collect plants, such as the one in *The Thistle Dance 2005* (above, center). "I was looking to capture the character and humor of its contortions," he says of the thistle. "It's such an ornery-looking plant." Other specimens, such as the flowers in *Poppy with Morning Dew 2005* (above, right) and *The Grand Magnolia 2004* (below), come from his own garden. "I grew that poppy and that is actual morning dew," he says. "I went to my garden and carried it back to my scanner. The challenge was to capture the immediacy and the tension."

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GREG CARR'S

BIG GAMBLE

"I had the idea at 25 that if I made a lot of money, I could do whatever I wanted," says the Boston entrepreneur. And so, in one of the largest private commitments in African conservation, he's putting $40 million into a spectacular national park in war-ravaged Mozambique

BY STEPHANIE HANES

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JEFFREY BARBEE

"The basic question was, What can Mozambique do to build its economy?" says Carr (right, in Gorongosa Park). His answer: eco-tourism. The waterfalls and springs of Mount Gorongosa (opposite) keep the park wet, supporting its wildlife.

The children come running as soon as the boat pushes onto the riverbank, mooring next to empty handmade fish traps. Greg Carr is at the front of the group of visitors clambering ashore. He lifts one child into the air, makes a face at another and greets adults with back-slapping familiarity. Carr, an eager American with khaki pants and a Boy Scout's smile, has spent a lot of time in Mozambican villages like this one over the past three years, wooing officials and local elders alike in the hot, red dust.

Carr's smile broadens when he sees Paulo Majacunene, who oversees this district. The tech multimillionaire turned philanthropist needs Majacunene to help him make a deal with these villagers. Carr has risked millions of dollars in an effort to revive a national park across the river, a once-heralded place of sweeping savannas and velvety green wetlands called Gorongosa. He believes a restored park will lift this beleaguered region out of poverty. And he believes his success depends on the help of this village, Vinho, and others like it.

Vinho is a subsistence farming community of some 280 adults and twice as many children, one of 15 villages along Gorongosa's borders. It has a school that goes through the fifth grade and a water pump that teenage girls use to fill plastic jugs as they jostle babies tied to their backs. As Carr and Vinho's leaders settle into wooden chairs shaded by a blue plastic tarp, the villagers gather.

Majacunene speaks first. He tells the crowd that when the Carr Foundation restores Gorongosa, there will be new jobs, health clinics and money for Vinho. But the community needs to help, Majacunene says. No more setting fires. No more killing animals. Everyone nods. He leads a series of cheers, thrusting his fist into the air.

"*Viva* Gorongosa Park!" he yells in Portuguese.

"*Viva*!" the crowd answers.

"Down with poaching!" he yells.

"Down!" echoes the crowd.

Carr, who understands some Portuguese, beams.

After the meeting, Roberto Zolho, Gorongosa's warden, tells Carr that the people of Vinho are setting many of the fires in the park, which clear land for farming but devastate the ecology. Carr smiles the wry smile that seems to appear when something strikes him as particularly absurd.

"Well, we're starting," he says. "You know, it starts somewhere."

WHAT CARR HAS embarked upon is one of the largest individual commitments in the history of conservation in Africa. To restore Gorongosa National Park, he has pledged as much as $40 million over 30 years, an almost unheard-of time frame in a field where most donors—governments and nonprofit organizations alike—make grants for four or five years at most. He also plans one of the largest animal reintroduction efforts on the continent and hopes to answer one of the most debated questions in conservation today: how to boost development without destroying the environment.

His efforts come against a backdrop of worldwide biodiversity loss, which is at its worst in developing regions such as sub-Saharan Africa, where conflict and poverty accelerate natural resource destruction. Last year, the World Conservation Union reported that 40 percent of the species the group assesses are under threat of extinction.

Gorongosa, Carr believes, will change all that.

The park was once one of the most treasured in all of Africa, 1,525 square miles of well-watered terrain with one of the highest concentrations of large mammals on the continent—thousands of wildebeest, zebra and waterbuck, and even denser herds of buffalo and elephant than on the fabled Serengeti Plain. In the 1960s and '70s, movie stars, astronauts and other celebrities vacationed in Gorongosa; tourists arrived by the busload. Tippi Hedren, who starred in Alfred Hitchcock's *The Birds*, was inspired by Gorongosa's lions to build her own exotic cat preserve outside Los Angeles. Astronaut Charles Duke told his safari guide that

Carr met with villagers in Vinho (opposite) to plead, among other things, for an end to harmful chop-and-burn farming practices (above). Cleared land is more vulnerable to erosion, exacerbated by the ample rains that are produced when moist air from the Indian Ocean (below) hits Mount Gorongosa.

Journalist **STEPHANIE HANES** *and photographer* **JEFFREY BARBEE** *are based in South Africa. This story was produced in collaboration with the Pulitzer Center on Crisis Reporting as part of its project about the environment and human conflict in Africa.*

MAP: MIKE REAGAN

visiting Gorongosa was as thrilling as landing on the moon.

"They called it the jewel of Mozambique," says Frank Merry, a visiting scientist at the Woods Hole Research Center, which has received a grant from the U.S. National Science Foundation to study Carr's project. "You've got an iconic resource there. . . . In the U.S., you might think of Yellowstone."

But all of that was before Mozambique's 16-year civil war, which erupted soon after the country won independence from Portugal and set up a socialist, single-party government in 1975. As was common across post-independence Africa, antigovernment forces took refuge in national parks, a ready source of hidden shelter and food. They set up headquarters just outside Gorongosa, and the park itself became a battlefield: land mines were planted, the main camp was shelled and the animals were slaughtered.

"There were government forces, you had the rebel force, you had displaced people—they all used the park," says Zolho, the current warden, who was a ranger in Gorongosa when the rebels attacked. "We closed the park in '83 because it was impossible."

Outside the park, government soldiers forced villagers into towns or "communal villages" dozens of miles away, often along the main road linking Zimbabwe to Mozambique's port of Beira. It was a traumatic move for people who had spiritual connections to the land and for families accustomed to living at some remove from one another.

"We ran away because we heard the shooting, and they [rebels] started to cross to this side" of the river, says Joaquim Coronheira, the 68-year-old *fumo*, or chief, of Vinho. "So during the night, we were running. Kids were on our backs and everybody was running. There were many killings."

By the time the war ended, in 1992, a new constitution had already established a multiparty government and market-based economy. Villagers returned and rebuilt their thatch houses. Some moved into the park itself, setting fires to clear fertile land. Poaching increased as people snared animals to feed themselves and to sell at local bush meat markets. There were few rangers to stop them.

The park was in poor shape when Carr came upon Gorongosa in 2004. The Mozambican government had cleared many of the land mines, but the main camp, called Chitengo, was still largely in ruins. Tourists were a distant memory, as were the great animal herds; of a buffalo herd that once numbered 14,000, for example, about 50 animals remained.

"When I came along, nobody talked about it, nobody remembered it," Carr says. "And people said to me, 'Don't bother, there's nothing there anymore.'"

But with Carr's funding, Mozambican officials say, they will restore the park, teach locals to run it and create an eco-tourism industry. Soon, they believe, improved education, health and living standards will follow. Now, they must convince the local peoples—war-scarred, impoverished and separated by language and custom—that cooperating with Carr is in their best interests.

CARR STARES DOWN at Gorongosa's savannas and wetlands, yellow fever trees and a flat, silver lake that reflects his fire engine red helicopter like a mirror. He is flying to Nhatsoco, a settlement on the slopes of Mount Gorongosa, which sits outside the park, so he can meet Samatenje, the mountain's spiritual leader. Carr wants Samatenje to bless the restoration project and persuade villagers to stop cutting down trees.

Trees are crucial to the ecological health of the mountain, an oval massif 18 miles long and as high as 6,100 feet at the southern end of the Great Rift Valley. When warm air from the Indian Ocean hits the mountain, it produces abundant rains, which water the trees—some 500 species. The trees reduce solar reflection and protect against erosion with their roots and canopies; they also absorb the rains like a sponge, allowing the water to collect into rivers and hundreds of springs, which ultimately flow into the park.

Locals consider the mountain sacred, but population growth has pushed people farther up its slopes; traditional leaders say Christian missionaries and creeping modernity have undermined their bans on farming high on the mountain. In either case, clear-cutting for farmland has led to deforestation at an alarmingly quickening rate. Scientists for Carr's project estimate that unless something is done, within five years the mountain's ecosystem will degrade to a point from which it cannot recover.

The helicopter flies over sorghum fields, thatch huts and broad clearings where skinny dogs lie curled up in the dust. It begins to descend when it nears Nhatsoco. Hearing the chopper, villagers gather, about 400 of them forming a kaleidoscope of colorful scarves and clothing, faces lifted toward the sky. As the helicopter lands, they turn away, shielding their eyes from the dust and twigs kicked up by the rotors. But when the dust settles, many glare at Carr and his team, exiting the helicopter. Then a commotion erupts some yards away—the villagers point excitedly at a snake that has forced its way out of the hard-packed dirt.

They believe the snake is an unhappy ancestor. Then someone tells Carr that red, the helicopter's color, represents angry spirits. "There's all this interpretation that now we are not welcome," says Zolho, the warden. The people of Nhatsoco believe strongly in the spirit world. ("You were pretty much a flying bad omen," says Christy Schuetze, an anthropology graduate student at the University of Pennsylvania.)

Apologies and negotiations ensue: some of the Mozam-

CARR FOUNDATION

bicans with Carr speak to the village elders; the villagers eventually agree to guide Carr to Samatenje. After a hike of a few miles, the group arrives at dusk at a small compound of thatch huts, one of which contains Samatenje. (It is said he rarely leaves it.) The visitors seat themselves on grass mats outside the holy man's hut, where they speak to him through a dreadlocked acolyte.

Samatenje is angry, the acolyte says through a translator; the snake and the red helicopter have upset him, and besides, Carr and his group should have paused longer before entering the compound. Not only that, but a man accompanying Carr—the area's *regulo*, or leader—is wearing the wrong clothes. The acolyte tells the regulo to go into a maize field to change clothes and apologize to the ancestors.

Then he says Samatenje realizes that the visitors did not intend to offend; they were just given bad advice.

Carr leans back on his grass mat and gives a short laugh. Well, he muses, this is more civil than the community meetings he went to back in Cambridge, Massachusetts, while he was building his foundation's headquarters. His Mozambican contacts had coached him on many practices—he had brought black and white cloths for Samatenje's ceremony and traditional gifts of wine and tobacco—but customs differ even between nearby communities.

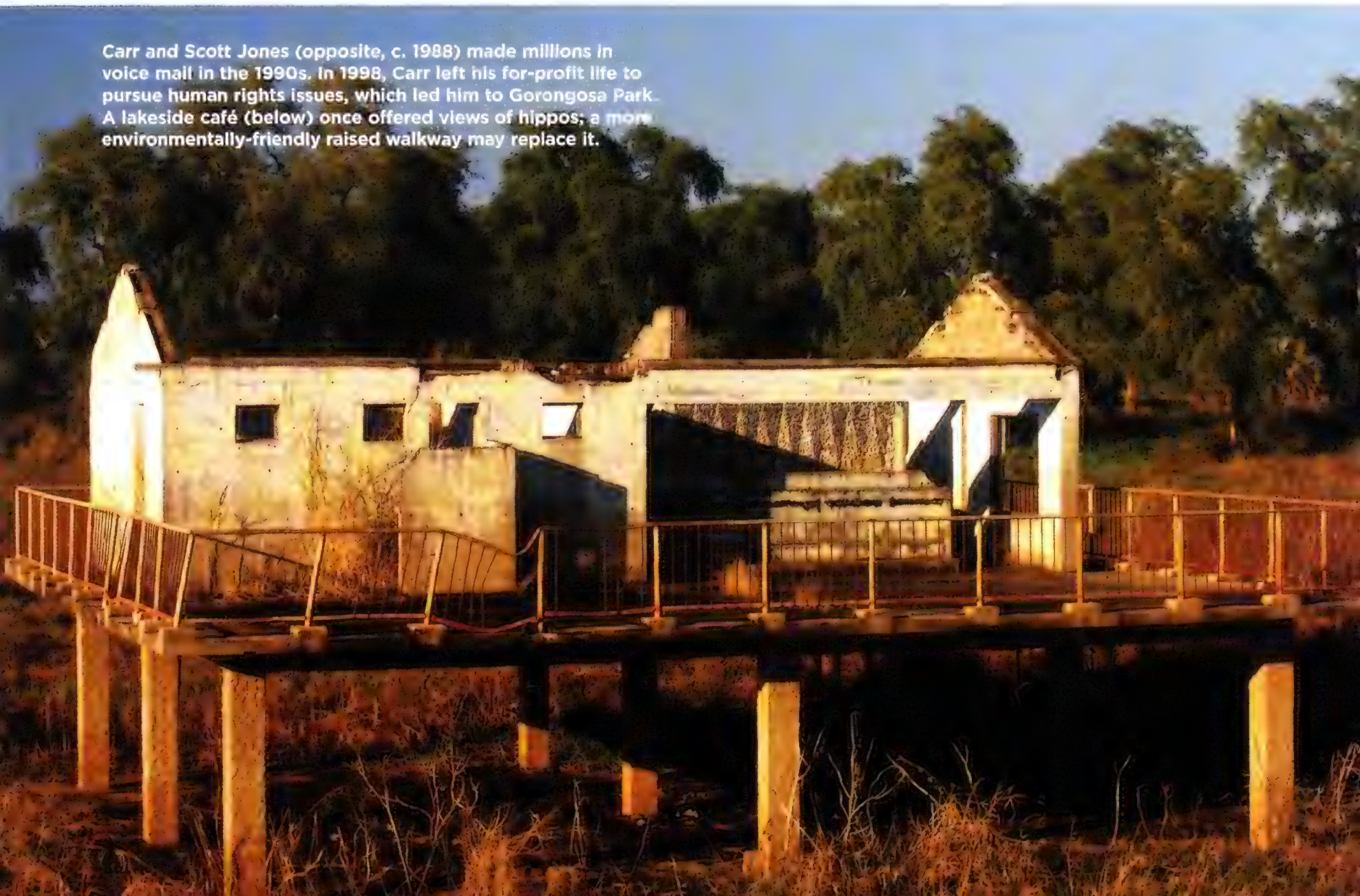
Samatenje talks with some local leaders. Ultimately, the word comes back: there will be no blessing.

It is dark by the time Carr's group boards the helicopter. "Maybe this is good," Carr says. "When Samatenje finally gives his blessing, it will carry more weight." Carr talks about the regulo who was made to change his clothes, a man he had only met today. "Maybe this is an opening," Carr says, a chance to get to know him better and enlist his support.

AT FIRST GLANCE, Carr, 47 and single, seems a better fit for Cambridge's Harvard Square than this remote patch of Africa. He is partial to khakis and battered loafers and is rarely separated from his laptop. His open face brightens when he talks about his native Idaho. He says "Wow!" a lot.

He grew up in Idaho Falls, the youngest of seven children. His father was a surgeon, his mother a homemaker. As a child, he says, he played in the potato fields and spent a lot of time reading. He liked dreaming up mini-societies, trying to figure out how people could survive in a bubble on Mars, or under the ocean, or in a besieged castle. In the sixth grade he wrote a paper about the number of caribou a tribe of imaginary island dwellers could eat each year without damaging their environment.

Carr was 16 when Mozambique became independent, in 1975. He was reading Darwin's *Origin of Species* at the time. "That was a transformative experience," he says, one that inspired a "lifelong love of biology." Yet when he followed his siblings to Utah State University, Carr majored in history. He embraced the concept of laws higher than kings, and rights higher than laws. "The idea that every human on earth should have basic human rights—I became really excited about that idea," he says.



Carr and Scott Jones (opposite, c. 1988) made millions in voice mail in the 1990s. In 1998, Carr left his for-profit life to pursue human rights issues, which led him to Gorongosa Park. A lakeside café (below) once offered views of hippos; a more environmentally-friendly raised walkway may replace it.

After graduating first in his class, he enrolled in a master's program at Harvard's Kennedy School of Government, en route, he then thought, toward getting a PhD. (Indeed, Harvard accepted him into its doctoral program in linguistics.) But while at the Kennedy School studying the ongoing breakup of AT&T, Carr realized that the Ma Bell divestiture would mean opportunities—that there was money to be made from telecommunication services. "I had the idea at 25 that if I made a lot of money," he says, "then I could do whatever I wanted."

In the spring of 1986, while finishing his master's degree, Carr maxed out his credit cards to start a company with Scott Jones, a 25-year-old scientist at an MIT lab, to provide voice-mail services to the emerging Baby Bells. The pair called their new company Boston Technology; after four years it was the nation's number one voice-mail provider to the telephone companies.

Don Picard, one of the first employees Carr and Jones hired, recalls that the company was both big on teamwork and long on self-confidence. The co-founders expected their employees to match their own obsession with work, says Picard, who was a software engineer, and they gave them equity in the company. "We're all Type A personalities," Picard says. "But I never got the sense working with them that it was about their ego. It really was, 'Look what we can do.' And it really was about 'we,' not 'I.'"

As the company grew, Carr kept coming up with ideas to capitalize on opportunities, says Paul DeLacey, who was 46 when Carr, then 28, hired him to provide some executive experience. "The term 'consummate optimist' comes to mind," DeLacey says. Carr's rapid-fire ideas were crucial to the company's success, DeLacey says, but they also drove people crazy. Once, he says, "I picked up a voice mail from Greg, and it started with him saying, 'I have an idea.' Now, let's say it's May. I don't know whether it was my mood, or if it was just a hard week, but I just pushed 'Reply' and shouted: *'Greg, I'm still working on February's idea!'*"

By the mid-1990s, Carr had moved away from day-to-day involvement with Boston Technology to serve as its chairman; he had also become chairman of Prodigy, an early Internet service provider. By the end of the decade, his personal net worth exceeded $200 million. But Carr says he still saw himself as a student of history and public policy.

He thought about marriage, he says, but figured that was something he could do later—a position he still takes. What he really wanted, he says, were two things: intellectual stimulation and adventure. So in 1998, he resigned from every one of his for-profit positions. He wanted, he says, to turn his attention back to issues that had engaged him before he made his millions—in particular, human rights.

In 1999, he created the Carr Foundation, a philanthropic organization dedicated to the environment, the arts and human rights. After an Idaho court awarded the headquarters of the Aryan Nations to a woman and her son attacked by the neo-Nazi organization, Carr bought the property from the woman and donated it to North Idaho College, which turned it into a peace park. He started the Market Theater in Harvard Square, a venture he says was in the Greek tradition of using theater to explore humanity. He helped create the Museum of Idaho, focused on the state's natural and cultural history, and the Anne Frank Human Rights Memorial in Boise. He started a radio station in Afghanistan. He donated $18 million to Harvard, which used it to establish the Carr Center for Human Rights Policy.

"He is a very, very passionate man in what he believes in," says Marilyn Shuler, the former director of the Idaho Human Rights Commission. "He believes to his core in justice."

For most of these projects, say people who worked with him, Carr's style was to provide funding, hire people he trusted and step back. But as he grew more interested in Southern Africa, with its high rates of disease and poverty, he wanted to get more personally involved. In 2000, a mutual friend introduced Carr to Carlos dos Santos, the Mozambican ambassador to the United Nations, who was then trying to interest American investors in his country.

Mozambique, which is shaped like a mirror image of California but almost twice as big, is one of the poorest nations on earth. Its per capita income is about $310, according to the World Bank. Its average life expectancy is barely 40. HIV is rampant—in some regions 18 to 27 percent of the population is infected—and the infrastructure is rudimentary.

But Mozambique is also breathtakingly beautiful. There are 1,500 miles of white sand coastline, rain forests dripping with orchids, and vast savannas. Despite its poverty, Mozambique reaps praise—from the U.S. State Department, among others—for its democratic government (the president and the 250-member legislature are chosen by popular vote) and consistent economic growth.

Carr first visited the country in 2002. By late 2003, he was holding intense conversations with Mozambican officials and aid professionals in the United States. "The basic question was, What can Mozambique do to build its economy?" Carr recalls. "What could Mozambique do that would create a multibillion-dollar industry? And how do they compete with the other nations of the world?"

The answer, he came to believe, was tourism.

"I like the idea of tourism because it's a sustainable busi-

P. 91 TOP RIGHT: PAULA AGUILERA

ness," he says. "Extraction industries and so forth, there can come a time when it runs out, if you're mining or you're logging or whatever. And unfortunately a lot of Third World countries get caught in that trap, where the real benefits, the real added value, is going to other nations that are processing the raw materials."

In 2004, Carr returned to Mozambique in search of a place that could be nurtured into an international vacation destination. He had read about Gorongosa and asked to see it; he made a flyover of the former jewel of Mozambique. The landscape stayed with him long afterward. "Gorongosa Park stands apart from just about any place you're going to find," he says.

In October 2004, Carr signed an agreement with Mozambique's Ministry of Tourism in which he pledged $500,000 toward the park's restoration. But soon he was negotiating a new, bigger deal and assembling a team of experts on development and the environment, seeking Mozambicans and other Portuguese speakers for leading roles. In November 2005, he signed a new agreement with the ministry, in which he pledged up to $40 million over 30 years. That document outlines aspects of the renewal, ranging from ecological restoration to economic development, and gave Carr's foundation joint operating control over the park with the Mozambican government, which retains ownership.

Last year, Gorongosa Park introduced its first herd of buffalo, launched renovations on the main camp at Chitengo, began its outreach to neighboring communities and started a tree-planting program on the mountain. Its staff has increased from 100 to more than 500, doing a variety of jobs including rangers and housekeepers, and visitors increased from fewer than 1,000 in 2005 to more than 5,000 last year.

Beyond the park's borders, African wildlife experts—who are often skeptical of foreign projects—give Carr's efforts cautious praise. "Obviously, it is going to be a long time to see if it all works," says Markus Hofmeyr, one of South Africa's top veterinarians, who has advised Carr, "but I think the tenacity and determination he's shown have been commendable."

Carr now spends about every other month at Gorongosa, encamped at Chitengo, sleeping in a tent, one of the camp's restored concrete bungalows or the back of a pickup truck. Along with the park's communications, business and scientific activities, he also oversees its community relations. Which means going from one community to another, explaining the concept of eco-tourism (including a return trip to Nhatsoco, where Samatenje finally blessed the project). Instead of *mzungu*, the Swahili term for white person that sticks to most Caucasian visitors, some of the

A park in progress: scientist Franziska Steinbruck (opposite) tests water in a stream. Gorongosa has healthy numbers of lions (below left) and reintroduced its first herd of buffalo (below right) last year. The saddlebilled stork (bottom) and the flower *Dissotis princepts* are also indigenous to the area.

Community outreach is vital to the park project. Carr (in blue) and other members of his team attended a cleansing rite in Nhatsoco before seeking the blessing of Mount Gorongosa's spiritual leader—who first withheld it, but granted it during a subsequent visit.

locals now call him "Senhor Greg." And so far, the "consummate optimist" remains upbeat.

A FEW DAYS after his disappointment at Nhatsoco, Carr and some others from the Gorongosa project pay a visit to Sadjungira, the community led by the regulo who had been made to change his clothes. His name is Marcelino Manuel.

Although Sadjungira is less isolated than Nhatsoco, guests are nevertheless rare. The villagers' main experience with white people came during the civil war, when the governments of South Africa and Rhodesia sent troops to help the Mozambican rebels.

At a village meeting called in a clearing, men and women sitting separately face a row of wooden chairs set up in the dirt for Carr and his party. Carr introduces himself and talks about how foreigners will someday pay to walk near Sadjungira. "We recognize this mountain belongs to you," he tells the crowd. "We will not be asking you to move. We respect the fact that this is your land, and we are just visitors."

An older man rises to say that there have been whites here before, and for all their talk they have always brought trouble. A second man says that even if Carr is sincere in his promises, his sons or grandsons might not uphold the bargain.

"We need to trust each other," Carr responds. "But I realize that we need to build trust."

While the translator struggles to find the right word for "trust," a local administrator pitches in.

"A man, if he wants to be married, he has to find a woman," he tells the crowd. "First he has to start talking with her—they're not going to go to bed together the first night."

The crowd murmurs but seems unconvinced. Then Samuel Antonio, a former soldier, stands up, bows to the officials and turns to the crowd.

"You say you don't want this mzungu?" Antonio says in Sena, the local language. "Don't you want to be employed? Don't you want a job?" He makes a joke about local leaders taking public money for themselves, and some of the villagers giggle. But when he returns to the subject of jobs, they cheer.

The regulo, who has been sitting silently, now stands up and tells Carr that he will conduct a ceremony for the park.

The meeting is over, and Carr, Manuel and representatives from both sides stand up and walk to a roofless round thatch hut. Carr and a staff member enter with some village leaders and take seats on the dirt. They all start clapping with cupped hands, summoning ancestors. A spiritual leader mixes a potion and pours some on the ground.

When the ceremony ends, Carr and his team walk back to the red helicopter and climb inside. The chopper lifts off, and Carr looks down at the villagers below. They wave, until the dust and wind force them to turn away.

For a video on the restoration of Gorongosa Park, go to Smithsonian.com.

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EPIC HERO

HOW A SELF-TAUGHT BRITISH GENIUS REDISCOVERED THE MESOPOTAMIAN SAGA OF *GILGAMESH* — AFTER 2,500 YEARS

BY DAVID DAMROSCH

IN NOVEMBER 1872, George Smith was working at the British Museum in a second-floor room overlooking the bare plane trees in Russell Square. On a long table were pieces of clay tablets, among the hundreds of thousands that archaeologists had shipped back to London from Nineveh, in present-day Iraq, a quarter-century before. Many of the fragments bore cuneiform hieroglyphs, and over the years scholars had managed to reassemble parts of some tablets, deciphering for the first time these records of daily life in

MARY EVANS PICTURE LIBRARY P. 95 BRITISH MUSEUM / ART RESOURCE, NY

The unlikely researcher, George Smith, made one of archaeology's most sensational finds when he uncovered this cuneiform-inscribed clay tablet containing fragments of a lost Babylonian epic.

Assyria of the 7th and 8th centuries B.C.—references to oxen, slaves, casks of wine, petitions to kings, contracts, treaties, prayers and omens.

As scholars go, Smith, 32 years old, was an anomaly; he had ended his formal education at age 14 when he was apprenticed to a printer, and perhaps it was because of his training as an engraver that he had such a knack for assembling coherent passages of cuneiform out of the drawers and drawers of old rubble. In fact, Smith had already established dates for a couple of minor events in Israelite history, and on this brisk fall day he was looking for other references that might confirm parts of the Bible. Then, on a fragment of a tablet, he came across a story that would soon astonish the Western world. He read of a flood, a ship caught on a mountain and a bird sent out in search of dry land—the first independent confirmation of a vast flood in ancient Mesopotamia, complete with a Noah-like figure and an ark.

Yet he could read only a few lines of the tablet, much of which was encrusted with a thick, lime-like deposit. The museum had an expert restorer on contract, Robert Ready, but he was away on private business. As Smith's colleague E. A. Wallis Budge later recalled, "Smith was constitutionally a highly nervous, sensitive man, and his irritation at

"I AM THE FIRST MAN TO READ THAT AFTER MORE THAN TWO THOUSAND YEARS OF OBLIVION."

Ready's absence knew no bounds." Several excruciating days later, Ready finally returned and worked his magic, whereupon "Smith took the tablet and began to read over the lines that Ready had brought to light," Budge recalled, "and when he saw that they contained the portion of the legend he had hoped to find there, he said: 'I am the first man to read that after more than two thousand years of oblivion.' Setting the tablet on the table, Smith jumped up and rushed about the room in a great state of excitement."

What he had uncovered would become known in the West as *The Epic of Gilgamesh*, the 3,200-year-old account of the eponymous hero's exploits and one of the oldest works of literature in the world. It constituted one of the most sensational finds in the history of archaeology. Smith would go on to become the world's leading expert in the ancient Akkadian language and its fiendishly difficult script, write the first true history of Mesopotamia's long-lost Assyrian Empire and publish pathbreaking translations of the major Babylonian literary texts. All that from a self-taught laborer who had never been to high school, much less college.

Scholars had only recently succeeded in cracking the code to the region's history: the complex cuneiform (wedge-shaped) script in which most of the ancient Mesopotamian texts were written. With few established protocols, Assyriology constituted a rare chink in the armor of the British class structure. An inquiring mind with a fresh perspective could be welcomed into the enterprise without a single credential, letter of introduction or family connection. Resources were still pitifully slim, and full-time employment in the field was almost unattainable, so it would be an exaggeration to speak of this as a window of opportunity; it was more of a mousehole of opportunity, but it was all that Smith required.

He was born in 1840 in the London district of Chelsea, at that time a seedy area of grimy tenements and high unemployment. When he turned 14, his father took the sensible route of apprenticing the boy to the printing firm of Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, where he was put to work learning to engrave bank notes.

Working amid the din of printing presses and the smell of damp ink on paper, Smith developed the patience, and keen eye and delicate hand that would later serve him so well in his work with cuneiform tablets. His work also exposed him to a wider world, for Bradbury and Evans had branched out from printing into publishing; they owned the humor magazine *Punch* and published Dickens and Thackeray in lavishly illustrated editions. In the fall of 1860, the 20-year-old Smith, fascinated by ancient history, began to haunt the Near Eastern collections at the British Museum.

From the firm's offices just off Fleet Street, a young man in a hurry could thread his way among a dense press of carriages, horse-drawn streetcars, window-shopping pedestrians and hand-drawn carts full of cabbages and potatoes to the museum in 20 minutes, probably eating as he walked, so as to spend his lunch break poring over the enigmatic tablets in the museum's collection.

At the time, the dominant figure in British cuneiform studies was Sir Henry Creswicke Rawlinson. Haughty, ambitious and accustomed to command, Rawlinson had been knighted after a distinguished military career in India, Persia and Iraq. Though not a museum employee, Rawlinson was a frequent presence in the department's workroom. It was he who had made the decisive breakthrough in the decipherment of cuneiform writing; 50 years of age in 1860, he had just published the first volume of his *Cuneiform Inscriptions of Western Asia*.

Everyone sensed that there were exciting discoveries to be made in the chaotic mass of tablets, and newspapers

From *The Buried Book: The Loss and Rediscovery of the Great Epic of Gilgamesh* by David Damrosch. Copyright © 2007 by David Damrosch, published by Henry Holt and Company, LLC.

such as the *Illustrated London News* published dramatic reports of every new confirmation of a biblical name or date. Yet the museum's professional staff were not particularly well qualified to make these discoveries themselves. The head, or "keeper," of the Department of Oriental Antiquities was a learned Egyptologist, Samuel Birch, who had no direct expertise in Mesopotamian studies and left the supervision of the cuneiform collection to his sole assistant, a young classical scholar named William Henry Coxe.

At first, Birch and Coxe paid little attention to the quiet but persistent young engraver. But it gradually became apparent to the two men that Smith could read the tablets better than they. In time, Birch brought him to Rawlinson's attention.

Rawlinson was impressed by the young man's ability to piece tablets together, a task requiring both exceptional visual memory and manual dexterity in creating "joins" of fragments. A given tablet might have been broken into a dozen or more pieces that were now widely dispersed among the thousands of fragments at the museum. Rawlinson persuaded the museum to hire Smith to work on sorting and assembling tablets—a job involving more manual labor than scholarship. As Budge noted, Smith "worked for some years for a salary that was smaller than that then received by a master carpenter or master mason."

But Smith made the fullest use of his new position to increase his command of the language and its script, and by the mid-1860s he was making real discoveries: identifying Hebrew monarchs mentioned in Assyrian inscriptions and giving new detail to biblical chronology. In 1866 Smith published his first article, and he received an important promotion when Rawlinson persuaded the museum's trustees to hire him as his assistant for the next volume of his *Cuneiform Inscriptions*. "Thus, in the beginning of 1867," Smith later recalled with quiet pride, "I entered into official life, and regularly prosecuted the study of the cuneiform texts."

In addition to tablets and fragments, the museum held many paper "squeezes"—impressions that had been made by pressing damp paper onto inscriptions too big to move. It was an extraordinary trove, if only it could be read, but the problems were not only linguistic. The squeezes deteriorated on handling and were further damaged when mice got at them. Unbaked clay tablets could crumble, and even those that had been baked, giving them the heft and dura-

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Lost Treasure

In *Gilgamesh*, scholars unearthed literary gold

The first great masterpiece of world literature, *The Epic of Gilgamesh*, recounts the adventures of a legendary king and is based in all likelihood on an actual historical figure, Gilgamesh, the ruler of the Babylonian city of Uruk around 2700 B.C. Credited with erecting the massive wall around Uruk, the first major city, Gilgamesh emerged over the centuries as the hero of a cycle of poems, and eventually of the 3,000-line epic, which reached final form around 1200 B.C. In it, Gilgamesh defeats a forest demon, spurns the advances of Ishtar, goddess of love, and falls into despair when his beloved friend Enkidu is struck down by the enraged Ishtar. Abandoning Uruk, Gilgamesh sets off to discover the secret of immortality; he hopes to learn it from a distant ancestor, Uta-napishtim, to whom the gods granted immortality after he survived a great flood that had inundated the earth centuries before.

After various travails, Gilgamesh finds Uta-napishtim, who recounts the story of the Flood. The questing hero, however, is denied his heart's desire: the gods will never again confer immortality upon any human. The epic concludes with the king's return home, where he resolves to take comfort in his saga, engraved on tablets and buried in the city's walls.

Like all ancient Mesopotamian literature, the epic of Gilgamesh was lost to historical memory with the eclipse of the ancient cultures of Assyria and Babylonia in the centuries before Christ. Only in the mid-19th century did British and French archaeologists begin to explore the mysterious mounds in present-day Iraq that held the remains of the first urban societies. A particularly rich find was the library of Ashurbanipal, last great king of Assyria: in the 1850s, British archaeologist Austin Henry Layard and his Iraqi associate, Hormuzd Rassam, unearthed it in the ruins of Nineveh. They shipped 100,000 tablets and fragments home to the British Museum; gradually scholars began to piece them together and decipher the ancient texts.

In 1872, the young curator George Smith created a sensation when he unearthed *Gilgamesh*'s broken tablets in the museum's collection. Smith immediately perceived that the character of Uta-napishtim, Gilgamesh's ancestor, constituted an early version of the Bible's Noah—a striking parallel at a time when Victorian debates over religion and science were at their height. How much prehistory recounted in the Bible was true? Was life on earth the product of divine creation, or the result of blind chance, as Charles Darwin's radical theories implied? Smith, entering this debate with his corroboration of the biblical account of the Flood, used his dramatic discovery to launch one of the most meteoric careers in the history of archaeology. —DAVID DAMROSCH

A relief (c. 700 B.C., above) likely depicts Gilgamesh.

bility of terra cotta tiles, had often been broken amid the ruins of Nineveh. Tablets were stored loose in boxes and sometimes damaged each other; items under active consideration were laid out on planks set on trestles in a dimly lit room. (Fearful of fire, the museum's trustees had refused to allow gas lighting in the building.)

Eager to become a full-fledged archaeologist, Smith longed to go to Iraq to excavate. But museum trustees felt that they had more than enough Assyrian and Babylonian artifacts and wanted Smith at work on the premises. He had no way to support himself in a distant

The Victorian public, eager to glimpse finds excavated in Mesopotamia, thronged the British Museum's Assyrian Gallery (c. 1900, viewing monumental sculpture unearthed at Nineveh).

province of the Ottoman Empire, or even to pay his own way there, as he was now supporting a wife and a growing family on his slender wages. Discouraged, he wrote to a friend in February 1872 that the "Government will not assist the movement in the least, at present, in fact I think they will not give a penny until something is discovered." It was then that Smith began systematically surveying the museum's collection for texts that might shed new light on biblical studies. In chancing upon the Flood story, Smith felt he had found the passport to the land of his dreams.

WORD OF THE FIND spread rapidly, and Prime Minister Gladstone himself was in the audience when Smith presented a lecture to the Biblical Archaeology Society on December 3, 1872. Edwin Arnold, editor of the *Daily Telegraph*, promptly put up the sum of a thousand guineas to fund Smith on an expedition—much as the *Telegraph* had successfully sent Henry Morton Stanley to find the explorer-missionary David Livingstone in Central Africa, after Livingstone had ceased to be in contact with England during a long journey of exploration begun in 1866. In January 1873, Smith was at last on his way.

As eager as Smith had been to go to Iraq, he was completely unprepared to do so. He couldn't speak Arabic, Turkish or Persian, and apart from a couple of brief research trips to Paris, he had probably never before set foot outside England.

In his first Middle Eastern port of call, the Turkish city of Smyrna, he was jostled by crowds, upset by noise and confusion, and appalled by the local cuisine. But if Smith chafed under travel's discomforts, he loved the landscape and the sense of connection to the ancient history he had studied so long. As he traveled through remote villages, he was struck by a sense of continuity with the past: he saw clay-brick houses whose style he recognized from ancient reliefs and encountered a threshing machine "similar to those which are found in prehistoric deposits."

On March 2, 1873, he finally approached his life's goal, outside the provincial capital of Mosul. "I started before sunrise, and arrived about nine in the morning at the ruins of Nineveh. I cannot well describe the pleasure with which I came in sight of this memorable city, the object of so many of my thoughts and hopes." It consisted of vast, flat mounds whose featurelessness had astonished British archaeologist Austin Henry Layard when he first saw them in 1840. Kouyunjik, the largest of these, was 40 feet high, a mile long and a third of a mile wide. It was pitted with various trenches and holes dug by Layard and his Iraqi assistant Hormuzd Rassam years before, when they had uncovered more than two miles' worth of sculptured reliefs. (It was Layard and Rassam who would transport to England the tablets Smith would one day decipher.)

Smith knew that Rassam hadn't been able to finish excavating the North Palace library, from which he thought the *Gilgamesh* tablets had probably come. In fact, he had sold the idea of the expedition to the *Daily Telegraph* on the rather slender hope that he might be able to find a missing piece of the Flood tablet, some three inches on a side, which he felt should still be lurking among the tons of accumulated rubble at the site. Yet he had to know that this would be like looking for a needle in a haystack. The clay fragment would be almost indistinguishable from the debris around it, assuming it hadn't been pulverized in antiquity or tossed out by Rassam's men during their excavations 22 years earlier.

Actually, the very difficulty of the quest was an advantage for Smith: the longer the piece stayed missing, the more ex-

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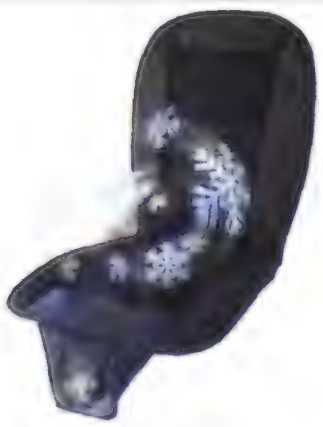

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cavating he could do. Smith wanted to begin digging the very day he arrived, but he was delayed by local officials who, suspicious of his purposes or desiring bribes (or both), refused to honor his permit from the Ottoman government. He had to travel 200 miles down the Tigris to Baghdad to straighten things out. On returning with his authority confirmed, Smith hired laborers from Mosul and surrounding villages and began to enlarge Rassam's old pit. Work began on May 7, 1873, and remarkably, within a week, lightning struck again: Smith found a scrap of tablet containing the missing part of the Flood story, describing the provisioning of the ark: "Into the midst of it thy grain, thy furniture, and thy goods, thy wealth, thy woman servants, thy female slaves . . . the animals of the field all, I will gather and I will send to thee, and they shall be enclosed in thy door." He telegraphed word of his find back to the *Daily Telegraph*; thanks to the laying of the first successful transatlantic telegraph line just seven years before, his feat was reported in newspaper stories around the globe.

Smith would later describe his find in his *Assyrian Discoveries*, published in 1875, in scholarly terms: "On the 14th of May. . . . I sat down to examine the store of fragments of cuneiform inscription from the day's digging, taking out and brushing off the earth from the fragments to read their contents. On cleaning one of them I found to my surprise and gratification that it contained the greater portion of seventeen lines of inscription belonging to the first column of *The Chaldean Account of the Deluge*, as Smith first titled the epic, and fitting into the only place where there was a serious blank in the story . . . and now with this portion I was enabled to make it nearly complete." Smith is almost excessively matter-of-fact here—he was famous for his modesty, and once blushed to the roots of his hair when a woman asked him if she could shake hands with "the great Mr. Smith."

TO SMITH'S DEEP REGRET, the *Daily Telegraph* immediately recalled him, no doubt so as to save money, now that they had their media coup. Not wanting to admit this, however, the paper perfidiously altered the phrasing of Smith's telegram to suggest that he himself had chosen to end his mission. Still fuming over this deception two years later, Smith protested in *Assyrian Discoveries* that "from some error unknown to me, the telegram as published differs materially from the one I sent. In particular, in the published copy occurs the words 'as the season is closing,' which led to the inference that I considered that the proper season for excavating was coming to an end. My own feeling was the contrary of this."

As it happened, the fragment Smith so rapidly found was not from *Gilgamesh* at all but was from what scholars now know to be the opening of an even older version of the Flood story, dating from perhaps 1800 B.C. (An account of a catastrophic flood is found in sources throughout ancient Mesopotamian literature.) Had he realized this, Smith might have been able to argue that his assignment hadn't been completed, though he actually had gotten what he was sent to find, the beginning of the story.

Violence was flaring up around Mosul, with warfare between rival Arab tribes; refugees were streaming around the mounds where Smith was digging. Smith, oddly unperturbed, reserved his outrage for the Turkish government's refusal to protect the antiquities in the lands under its rule. Ultimately, Smith had to sail from the Mediterranean port of Alexandretta in July 1873 without his treasures; weeks later they were released by Turkish customs officials and safely shipped to England.

Back in London, Smith found himself famous. The *Daily Telegraph* had run articles trumpeting

"THE DAILY TELEGRAPH" ASSYRIAN EXPEDITION
COMPLETE SUCCESS OF EXCAVATIONS
THE MISSING PORTION OF THE DELUGE
TABLET DISCOVERED.

ON MAY 14, 1873, LIGHTNING STRUCK AGAIN: SMITH FOUND THE MISSING PART OF THE FLOOD STORY.

"The distinguished Assyriologue," as Smith was now anointed in the press, was in demand as a speaker, and the British Museum experienced an upsurge in attendance. And just as Smith had hoped, the acclaim surrounding his Stanley-and-Livingstone-style success did finally induce the museum's trustees to provide further funds—one thousand pounds. Smith left London in November 1873, determined to make the most of the few months still allowed for excavation by his permit from Constantinople.

Though he deeply missed his family, his letters home overflow with excitement. "I have all sorts of treasures," he wrote to his wife, Mary, after several months of work, "historical, mythological, architectural &c &c. I expect to bring home from 3,000 to 4,000 objects, you must come to the Museum and see them, it will be nothing to me if you do not share my success." Smith invariably sent love and kisses to "the little cherubs," Charley, Fred, Cissie, Arthur—nicknamed Twopenny—Bertie and Ethel. He asked after the older children's studies and the younger ones' progress in walking and talking, and he drew for them comic sketches: of his seasickness when crossing the English Channel, of riding on horseback brandishing a sword, and precariously perched atop a camel.

Now he dined with ambassadors in Constantinople, wealthy travelers in Aleppo and military officers in Bagh-

dad, and even at his mound outside Mosul he was able to make a home away from home. He had a house constructed to his specifications, marking out its foundations himself, and he had an excellent English cook. "Except that I have not you with me," he wrote Mary, "I am as much at home as in England and like it a good bit better and I can here do as I like and have power and influence."

Still, local officials were less pleased to have Smith doing as he pleased. Convinced that he must have spirited away some ancient treasure on his first trip, they threw up a succession of bureaucratic roadblocks. In the end, they impounded several hundred tablets, and Smith had to return home with much less than he had found. In his 1925 *Rise and Progress of Assyriology*, Budge was inclined to lay the blame at Smith's own feet. "His guileless soul did not understand the use of Bakshîsh [bribes]," Budge wrote.

Nonetheless, Smith arrived in England in early June 1874 with a large collection of tablets. Soon he had begun to decipher the full Flood story as well as the epic of *Gilgamesh* in which it appeared. Working at a furious pace, he published his translation at the end of 1874, and the next year he finished no fewer than four more books, including *Assyrian Discoveries* and a large collection of translations of all the major literary texts he'd found. No longer able to link this more varied group of texts to the Flood story alone, he simply expanded his biblical frame, titling his new book *The Chaldean Account of Genesis: Containing the Description of the Creation, the Fall of Man, the Deluge, the Tower of Babel, the Times of the Patriarchs, and Nimrod; Babylonian Fables, and Legends of the Gods; from the Cuneiform Inscriptions.* (Chaldean, a generalized term, refers to the mythologies of ancient Fertile Crescent cultures.)

Smith read *The Chaldean Account of the Deluge* not only for its parallels to the Bible. As he began to reconstruct the body of the epic leading up to the Flood narrative, Smith sought a unifying theme in the saga of the hero Gilgamesh's adventures. Smith located the heart of the epic in Gilgamesh's journey to a distant cedar forest in Tablet 5, where he and his companion Enkidu defeat a demon called Humbaba.

Piecing together this account as best he could, Smith engaged in a brilliant piece of detective work, building plausibly on external evidence to make sense of the fragmentary text. His accomplishment is all the more impressive given that he built some of his interpretations on guesses about words that no one had ever deciphered, in lines that often were only fragments of their full selves. Smith's writings are full of discoveries that have stood the test of time, often involving intuitive leaps beyond literal surfaces.

George Smith was now at the peak of his powers, with ambitious plans to write a series of books on Assyrian and Babylonian history and culture. He had left Iraq, moreover, vowing never to return, and could very well have spent decades working at the museum with his thousands of tablets, with no need ever to venture abroad again. Yet he was nagged by the sense of opportunities not taken, and when the museum proposed a third expedition to Iraq at the end of 1875, Smith agreed to make the trip.

He encountered months of delay, first in Constantinople to get his permit, and then in having it honored in Mosul.

A central figure in the epic, Uta-napishtim (depicted as purple-garbed, above, in an illustrated 1924 edition) recounts the outfitting of an ark and the coming of a great flood.

His travels east through Syria and then in Iraq itself were greatly delayed by civil unrest and spreading disease. In June 1876, his companion, Karl Eneberg, a Scandinavian archaeologist, died of cholera as the pair approached Baghdad. Writing home to Mary from Aleppo in Syria, he tried to make light of his mounting difficulties: "The plague is sweeping part of the very district I ought to visit; now do not be alarmed, you are not aware that the plague was in the country when I was here last although then it was not spreading so fast but as it is I am very cautious although there is no real danger, I have stopped my journey & remain for the present at Aleppo to see how it goes—people here are alarmed and naturally so for last year they lost in this city 8,000 people out of a population of 100,000 by cholera, that however has disappeared."

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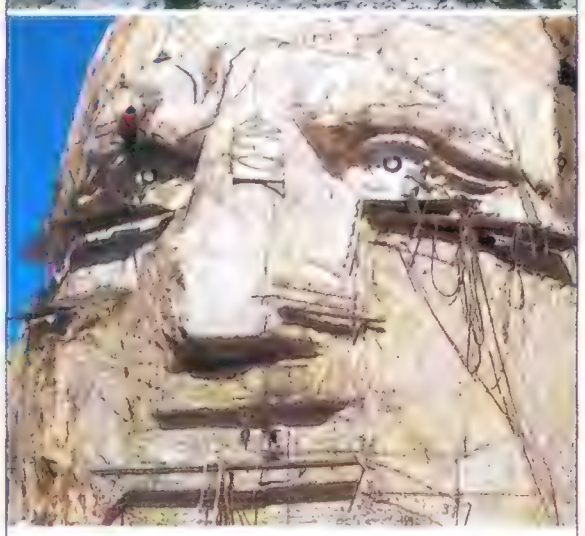

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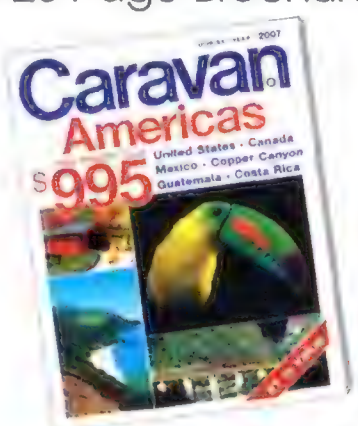

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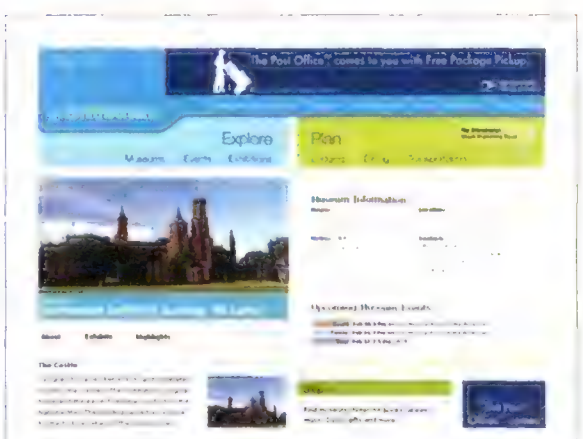

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In Mosul, Smith encountered still more bureaucracy, and by the time he was allowed to start digging it was July, and the heat was too intense to proceed. Smith contemplated cutting his losses and coming home early. As he wrote to Mary: "I do not enjoy my stay here, although I live well I am certainly thin, and often I feel I would sooner have cold mutton!!! at home than be here, the truth is I do not do very well as a single man, I have been married too long, it was all very well in the first expedition, but the gilt was soon off the gingerbread and if I had not been pledged I would not have come now. . . . Kiss all our pets and tell them Papa will soon come back and look one of these days to see my cab drive up to the door. If I am successful this year I will come home in July and leave the excavations in charge of my assistant who is a very good and likely party."

Smith then wrote to the museum, announcing this plan; while that letter hasn't survived, the museum's reply has. Writing in a tone one might use to scold a lazy servant, the secretary of the museum, McAllister Jones, expressed his surprise that Smith would consider leaving his post prematurely. "This the Trustees consider to be very objectionable," Jones wrote. "It is not stated that Mr. Matthewson's labours would be equally efficient with your own, and if not equally efficient it is clear that such excavating ought not to be left to his superintendence excepting in cases of absolute necessity. The Trustees will be glad to receive your explanation for this." Jones tried to close in a more sympathetic vein:

"I am very sorry to hear from your last letter that the plague is increasing to so great an extent. This will require every precaution on your part."

Of course the best precaution would have been leaving the plague-ridden area immediately. Instead, reprimanded, Smith stayed on far too long, to no useful purpose. By the time he and his assistant, Peter Matthewson, finally headed west through the desert, having collected only a single trunk's worth of items, a plague quarantine had precluded the simpler way down the Tigris from Baghdad and then home by steamer around the Arabian Peninsula.

As they made their way through Syria in August, Smith took sick with dysentery; as he gradually weakened, he became unable to ride his horse, and they halted at a village called Ikisji, 40 miles from Aleppo. Matthewson then rode ahead to Aleppo, where he sought out the closest thing to an English-speaking doctor he could find, a dentist named John Parsons. Parsons returned with Matthewson to Ikisji and did what little he could for Smith, then helped transport him in a conveyance called a *tatravan*, a kind of mule-drawn sedan chair, to Aleppo.

IN THE BRIEF DECADE after he "entered into official life" in 1867, Smith had written eight important books. All modern scholarship on Babylonian literature stems from his pathbreaking work, and at the time of his illness he did at least know that his accomplishments would live on, both in his own books and in the work of those who would follow in his footsteps.

These considerations figure prominently in the last entries in his small black field notebook, three and a half by six inches. In them, his mind wanders between family, duty, Assyrian history and two bronze statuettes that he had stored among his belongings:

In 1873, when Smith first arrived at Mosul (c. 1900, above), across the Tigris from Nineveh, he described the ancient ruins as the longed-for "object of so many of my thoughts and hopes."

"My collection includes some important specimens includ[ing] the two earliest bronze statuettes known in Asia before the Semitic period. They are in my long boots beside in my trunk there are about thirty-five tablets and fragments about twenty valuable some unique including the tablet of Labir-bari-Kurdu the Laborssoarchus of Berossus, there is a large field of study in my collection, I intended to work it out but desire now that my antiquities and notes may be thrown open to all students. I have done my duty thoroughly." Then the entries trail off in the final few broken phrases, appropriately enough for the great restorer of fragments. Smith died in Aleppo on August 19, three days after his last journal entry, just four years after he had been the first person to read *The Epic of Gilgamesh* in 2,500 years.

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Organization Man

Carl Linnaeus, born 300 years ago, brought order to nature's blooming, buzzing confusion **BY KENNEDY WARNE**

FOR TWO YEARS in the late 1970s I followed in the footsteps of Carl Linnaeus: I toiled in the field of taxonomy. The small corner of nature's jigsaw puzzle that I tackled was a group of marine sponges whose baffling variability defied easy classification. I considered their color and form, examined their skeletal architecture, counted their spicules, noted the shape of their larvae, and pondered which of these characters could be used to separate my subjects into meaningful categories.

My youthful foray, long since abandoned, resulted in a classification scheme for 43 species of New Zealand sponge. It also gave me an appreciation for the towering achievement of Carl Linnaeus, the father of modern taxonomy. Linnaeus, born 300 years ago this month, classified and named more than 4,000 animals and nearly 8,000 plants. As superhuman a feat as that was, the illustrious Swede also devised the very system of classification that I and every other student of taxonomy have used since then.

The eldest son of a small-town curate, Linnaeus chose to pursue his father's recreational interest in plants and became the greatest botanist of his time. He was also a successful physician, a charismatic lecturer, a devoted mentor, an enthusiastic gardener and a prolific writer. He not only sorted and systematized all the known species of his day but also pioneered the study of how indigenous people use plants for medical and other purposes, earning another sobriquet: the father of ethnobotany. The simplicity and logic of his taxonomic system made natural history accessible to amateurs, ushering in the Victorian passion for nature. Jean Jacques Rousseau said of him, "I know no greater man on earth."

Prior to Linnaeus, taxonomy had been a shambles. There were complex names for even the commonest species, and multiple criteria for classifying them. The tomato, for example, was *Solanum caule inermi herbaceo, foliis pinnatis incises*—the solanum with the smooth stem which is herbaceous and has incised pinnate leaves. Linnaeus' genius was to apply the social hierarchy of his day, with its kingdoms, provinces, parishes and villages, to the natural world. He slotted plants and animals into a framework of five main categories—kingdom, class, order, genus, species. Almost incidental to his encyclopedic audit of the natural world was his decision to call each living thing by just two Latin names, representing genus and species. This innovation, known as binomial nomenclature, has proved to be Linnaeus' greatest gift to posterity. Any time *Homo sapiens* mention *Felix domestica* (the house cat) or *Lycopersicon esculentum* (the tomato) or *Callyspongia ramosa* (one of my beloved sponges) Linnaeus' naming system is invoked. Out of the babel of competing nomenclatures he forged a single, universally applicable scientific language.

At times, Linnaeus thought of himself as the second Adam. "*Deus creavit, Linnaeus disposuit*," he liked to say—God created, Linnaeus organized. The frontispiece of his *Systema naturae*, his magnum opus, depicts its author in the Garden of Eden, evidently applying Linnaean names to freshly minted creatures. First published in 1735 as an 11-page tract, *Systema naturae* was Linnaeus' tabulation of the three recognized realms of nature: animals, plants and minerals. He kept adding to it throughout his life, and when the 13th edition was published in 1770, eight years before his death, it had grown to 3,000 pages. It was the last species omnibus ever attempted by a single person. Such was the proliferation of scientific discovery after Linnaeus (in part because his classification system was so comprehensive and easy to use) that no one individual could ever again hope to take nature's measure.

But how much longer will the Linnaean system last? Recently it has come under attack from some taxonomists

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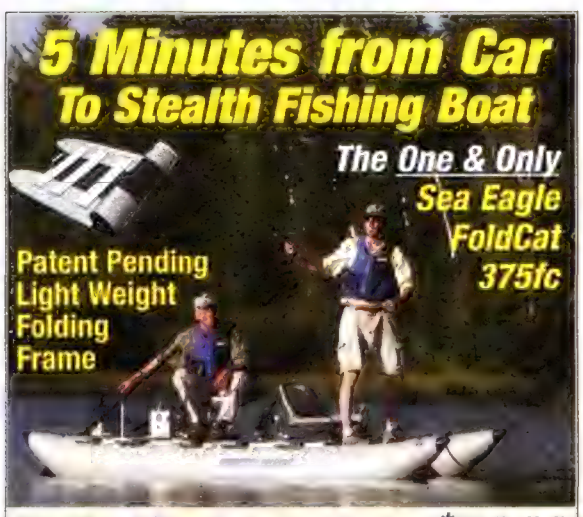

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who believe its structure is too inflexible to cope with the explosion of knowledge unleashed by DNA analysis. Today's young Turks of taxonomy want to abolish the strict ranked hierarchy of family, order, class, etc. In its place they advocate "clades," groupings that are based on genetic relationships and can be expanded, contracted or redefined as new kinships are discovered. For now, the traditionalists outnumber the iconoclasts, and Linnaean-style classification remains the gold standard.

LINNAEUS STRUGGLED to find universally applicable characters by which to categorize the myriad manifestations of life. In classifying plants, Linnaeus chose to focus on sexual characteristics. He placed plants into classes according to the number, length and distinctive features of their pollen-bearing stamens, and into orders according to their pistils.

The approach earned Linnaeus the ire of his more prudish colleagues. They objected to his lyrical descriptions of the love lives of plants. Bad enough that a flower's petals should be compared to the "bridal bed . . . perfumed with so many sweet scents in order that the bridegroom and bride may therein celebrate their nuptials with the greater solemnity," but when Linnaeus defined polyandrous flowers as having "twenty males or more in the same bed as the female," this was too much. "Who would have thought that bluebells and lilies and onions could be up to such immorality?" jibed one critic, who dismissed the entire system as "loathsome harlotry" unworthy of the Creator.

For animals, Linnaeus' criteria were less provocative. He grouped mammals according to teeth, toes and teats; fish by fin bones; insects by wings; and birds by feet and beaks. He recognized that his categories for plants and animals were arbitrary and his classification no more than a crude stab at divining nature's pattern, but they would have to do. Despite their shortcomings, Linnaeus' names for the roughly 12,000 organisms he examined over the course of his life became the start-

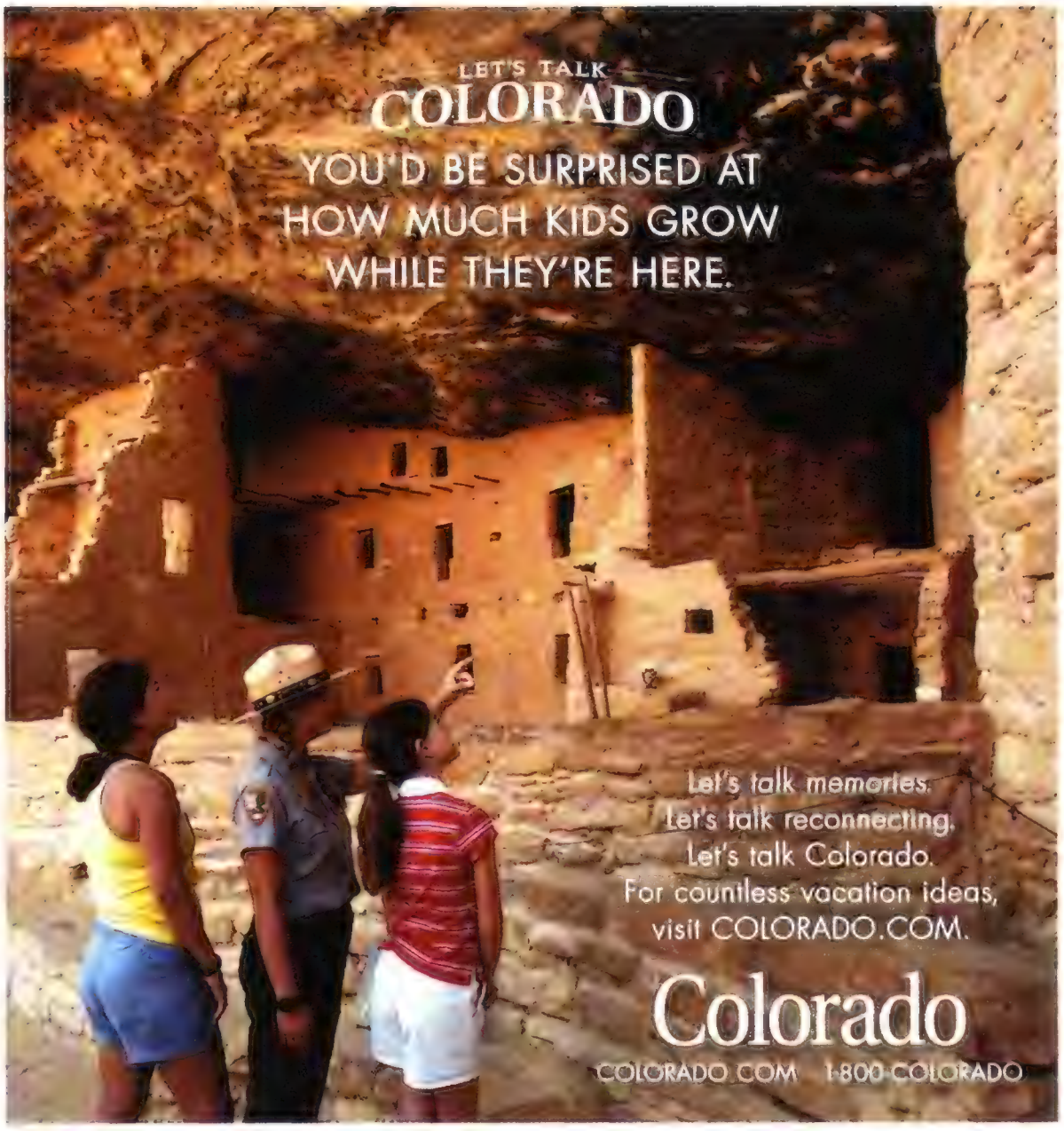
ing point for biological classification.

Linnaeus' theories and methods were always rooted in the real world. At a time when taxonomists were largely an indoor species, inhabiting lecture halls and libraries and scrutinizing pressed flowers, pinned insects and pickled vertebrates, Linnaeus was a dirt-under-the-fingernails scientist. For more than 20 years he conducted public excursions in the countryside around Uppsala—possibly the world's first guided nature walks. He did so partly to supplement the income from his impecunious postings as curator of the Uppsala botanical garden and then as professor of medicine at Uppsala University. Participants (as many as 300 per excursion) paid him in whatever currency they could afford: coins, hats, socks, books, buttons.

What forays they must have been! Botanizing with Linnaeus would have been the equivalent of studying geometry with Euclid, or taking a writing class with Shakespeare. In keeping with Linnaeus' orderly disposition, the expeditions were organized with the precision of a military campaign, with designated note takers, specimen collectors and bird shooters. A bugle would sound when rare species were found. At the end of the ramble—up to 12 hours during the Baltic summer months—the party would troop back to town, waving banners, blowing horns and beating kettledrums. At the botanic garden a shout would go up, "*Vivat Linnaeus*!"

In later years—after the rector of Uppsala University protested—these "inquisitions of the pastures," as Linnaeus called them, had to be curtailed. "We Swedes are a serious and slow-witted people," the rector explained. "We cannot, like others, unite the pleasurable and fun with the serious and useful."

IN 1732, Linnaeus made a collecting journey that would influence his thinking for the rest of his life. Lapland, the glacier-carved Arctic region that caps Scandinavia, was for Linnaeus what the Galápagos Islands were for Darwin—a notional seed pearl around



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which layers of theory would be laid.

Linnaeus set out alone on horseback from Uppsala the day before his 25th birthday, equipped with little more than a plant press, a gun, a hand lens and a change of clothes. His aim was not just to collect specimens from Sweden's land of the midnight sun but to learn how the "happy Lapps"—indigenous Sami people—and Swedish and Finnish homesteaders made use of them. It was arguably the world's first ethnobotanical expedition.

To stretch the limited funds he had been given by the Swedish Royal Society of Science to make the journey, Linnaeus adopted the local lifestyle, including eating reindeer tongues. He admired the Lapps' resourcefulness. They baked bread from fir bark, pine needles, dried fish, moss and seaweed. They had 18 ways of using milk, including "fresh boiled and coagulated with beer" and "mixed with sorrel leaves and preserved till winter in the stomach of a reindeer."

His diary is filled with a young man's ebullience. Charmed by the sight of bog rosemary in full bloom, its blossoms the color of "a fine female complexion," he thinks of Andromeda chained to her watery rock, and decides to give the plant genus that name. On learning that Sami bachelors carry about pieces of sweet-smelling fungus as a kind of cologne-*cum*-aphrodisiac, he exclaims, "O whimsical Venus! In other parts of the world you must be wooed with coffee and chocolate, preserves and sweets, wines and dainties, jewels and pearl . . . here you are satisfied with a little withered fungus."

As he traveled and collected—discovering and eventually naming over 100 new species—his thoughts turned to the floristic differences between Lapland and the rest of Sweden, and to the benefits that would accrue if species could be swapped between the two regions. But why stop at botanical rearrangement within the country, Linnaeus wondered; why not borrow from "God's endless larder" elsewhere in the world?

Other nations had overseas colonies that supplied them with goods they

couldn't produce at home; Sweden could go one better by cultivating the crops of the world within its own territory. Linnaeus believed that acclimatization, the process by which organisms become habituated to a new environment, could be the engine of economic growth for his "dearest Fatherland." As his most recent biographer, Lisbet Koerner, writes in *Linnaeus: Nature and Nation*, the proud Swede sought to "re-create within his national borders a trans-oceanic empire."

Back in Uppsala, fired by patriotic zeal and a naive confidence in the adaptability of nature, he became obsessed with the idea of cinnamon groves and tea plantations flourishing under a Baltic sun. Unswerving in his belief that any plant could be "tamed" to withstand a more rigorous climate, he looked to a day when fashionable Europeans would wear Swedish silk, drink Swedish coffee and eat Swedish rice.

Ultimately, Linnaeus was mistaken in his view that plants are globally interchangeable—a conclusion he reluctantly came to accept after most of his horticultural transplants failed. (A notable exception was rhubarb, a native of Asia, whose introduction to Sweden was an achievement he took pride in.) Linnaeus was also wildly wrong about the number of living species. He thought there might be around 40,000 all told; estimates today range from 10 million to 100 million, most of which are microscopic.

Many of his ideas now seem ludicrous. He believed epilepsy could be caused by washing one's hair, and leprosy caught by eating herring worms. He persisted in the archaic belief that swallows wintered at the bottom of lakes. Others were quaint: he devised a clock based on the opening and closing times of various flowers.

But many of his other views were surprisingly modern. He foreshadowed Darwin in his belief in a universal struggle for survival. He was the first to classify human beings in the same genus as other primates, and he grouped whales with mammals (previously they had been considered fish).

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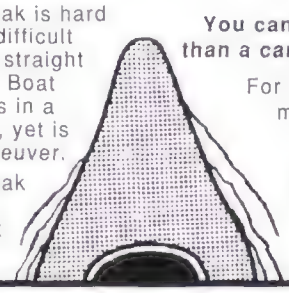
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He advocated biological control as a means of dealing with insect pests (he was particularly keen to find the invertebrate "lion" that would control bedbugs), and he understood the importance of biodiversity: "I do not know how the world could persist gracefully if but a single animal species were to vanish from it," he wrote in his journal. He even conjectured that micro-organisms "smaller than the motes dancing in a beam of light" might be responsible for transmitting contagious diseases—long before medicine embraced the idea of pathogens. Linnaeus dabbled in aquaculture, successfully growing pearls in freshwater mussels. And he gave an important tweak to the Celsius scale of temperature measurement. Anders Celsius, a Linnaeus contemporary, had designated the boiling point of water to be 0 degrees and the freezing point to be 100. It was Linnaeus' idea to flip the scale.

THOUGH HE DIDN'T follow his father into the ministry, Linnaeus remained a devout Lutheran throughout his life, despite the clash of his scientific views with his theological conclusions. Faith led him to believe that human beings are "candles in God's palace," reflecting the "creator's shining majesty." Science took him to a far bleaker conclusion. "Pathologically," he wrote, "you are a swollen bubble till you burst, dangling from a single strand of hair in one brief moment of fleeting time." The man who classified the living world even wondered why there was any diversity in nature at all. Why did the Creator not make the earth out of cheese, he mused, "which we worms could have gnawed while we grew up, lived, and multiplied?"

Linnaeus struggled with pendulum-like swings between exuberance and depression, ego and angst. At one moment he was God's chosen instrument, at the next a miserable failure. "Had I had rope and English courage," he wrote to a colleague, "I should long ago have hanged myself." Even when he was made a member of the Swedish nobility in 1762, taking the name von

Linné, he chose as part of his heraldic emblem an unprepossessing Lapland flower called *Linnaea borealis*—a plant named after him. He describes the delicate species as "lowly, insignificant, disregarded, flowering but for a brief space," adding that it was named "from Linnaeus who resembles it."

His conception of a vengeful deity didn't help his equanimity. Ever the cataloger, he collated a file of some 200 instances of what he considered divine retribution meted out to errant mortals. Published after his death, *Nemesis Divina* pictures a fire-and-brimstone deity not unlike cartoonist Gary Larson's caricature of God at his computer, forefinger poised over the SMITE key. The self-doubting Linnaeus never outgrew his dread that the finger was about to fall.

During bouts of melancholy his family was a consolation (he was a devoted father to his seven children, five of whom survived early childhood), as were his pets, especially a guenon monkey called Diana and a raccoon named Sjubb. And he could always turn to his beloved plants for comfort: "I have no time to think of illness, Flora comes hastening with all her beautiful companions."

Such unquenchable joy in nature is one of the most appealing qualities of the man, and one of the reasons Swedes venerate him. This May 23, the annual Linnaeus Day, the streets of Uppsala will ring loudly with tercentennial tributes to the "flower king" of Scandinavia. I hope that the Uppsala cafés will revive the tradition of baking Linnaeus cream cakes, iced with his silhouette, and that there will be a celebratory bottling of Linnaeus liqueur. From my home in antipodean New Zealand—almost as far from Sweden as it is possible to be—I, too, will raise a glass (of aquavit) to the inventor of science's universal language, nature's chief librarian, and, as one of his contemporaries described him, "the most compleat naturalist the world has ever seen."

Vivat Linnaeus!

KENNEDY WARNE *was the founding editor of* New Zealand Geographic.

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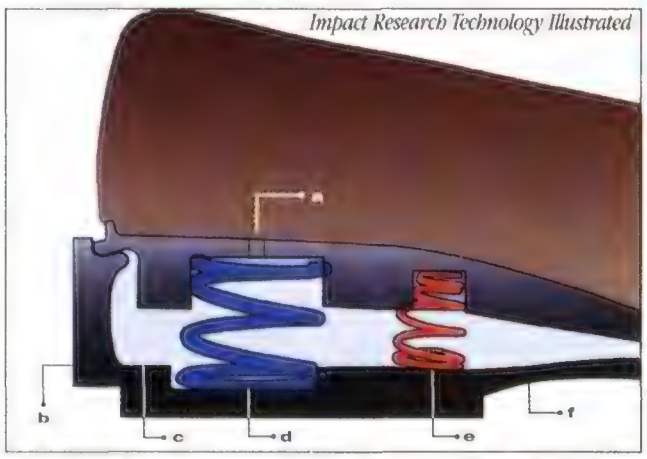

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47254

Change of Heart

Anna Jarvis wanted to honor mothers.
She lived to rue the day **BY MARSHALL S. BERDAN**

LIKE ANY APPLE-PIE-EATING, baseball-watching American son, I love my mother and will bestow upon her the requisite round of filial attentions this Mother's Day. But I also want to pay tribute to another woman—a largely forgotten Philadelphia spinster by the name of Anna Jarvis.

Jarvis gave birth to Mother's Day, after she vowed—as her own mother's casket was being lowered into the ground, in 1905—that she would dedicate her life to fulfilling her mother's dream of a national day honoring mothers everywhere.

With the financial backing of department-store tycoon John Wanamaker, in 1907, the then 45-year-old insurance clerk embarked upon a seven-year speaking and letter-writing campaign, culminating in a two-week lobbying blitz in Washington, D.C. Thanks to her efforts, Congress in 1914 passed a joint resolution establishing Mother's Day as a holiday. When President Woodrow Wilson signed it, Jarvis' mission was accomplished.

Then American enterprise took its course.

By the spring of 1923, Jarvis had had enough, declaring war on those she would call "the charlatans, bandits, pirates, racketeers, kidnappers and other termites that would undermine with their greed one of the finest, noblest and truest movements and celebrations."

She was talking mainly about florists and candy makers.

Jarvis then undertook a second crusade, filing a lawsuit in New York City against the governor, the mayor, the police commissioner, a U.S. senator and two right reverends over a scheduled Mother's Day rally to benefit handicapped children. Her grievances: they had violated her copyright on the term Mother's Day and increased the price of a carnation, the official Mother's Day flower, commercializing the day. The event was canceled.

Five days later, she harangued the assembled membership of the Associated Retail Confectioners in Philadelphia, accusing them of having "gouged the public." "Mother's Day was not intended to be a source of commercial profit," she lectured the conventioneers, who voted to recess before she finished.

Jarvis proved to be an equal-opportunity scold, assailing customers along with profiteers: "A printed card means nothing except that you are too lazy to write to the woman who has done more for you than anyone in the world. And candy! You take a box to Mother—and then eat most of it yourself. A pretty sentiment!"

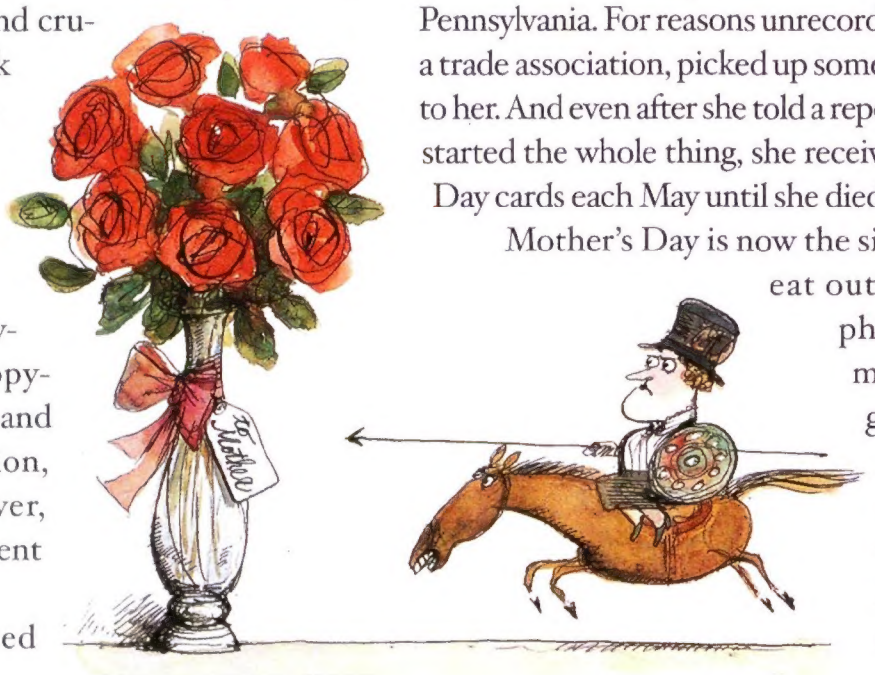
In 1925, the Society of American War Mothers staked its own claim to the day, by "revealing" at a Mother's Day ceremony at Arlington National Cemetery that the holiday had actually been conceived by a man. Incensed, Jarvis took on the War Mothers at their annual convention that September, in the process getting arrested for disorderly conduct.

Enabled by a family inheritance, Jarvis—barricaded inside a three-story brick town house, admittance to which was gained only via a secret knock—spent the next 15 years shattering lances against the juggernaut of profit. No perceived malefactor was beyond reproach. In 1931, she targeted Eleanor Roosevelt for endorsing a Mother's Day tribute. Three years later, she went after the post office over a maternally commemorative stamp that FDR had designed.

In 1943, Jarvis was 79 years old and broke. Partially deaf and blind, she was transported to a sanitarium in West Chester, Pennsylvania. For reasons unrecorded, the Florists' Exchange, a trade association, picked up some of her bills, unbeknownst to her. And even after she told a reporter she was sorry she ever started the whole thing, she received thousands of Mother's Day cards each May until she died, in 1948.

Mother's Day is now the single most popular day to eat out or make long-distance phone calls, and the third most popular to send greeting cards.

Still, I have to admire Anna Jarvis for her willingness to take on the impossible. Just as my mother did with me.



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